Loves Mistresse:

OR

The Queenes Masque.

As it was three times presented before both their MAJESTIES, within the space of eight dayes:

In the presence of sundry forraigne Ambassadors.

Publikely acted by the Queenes COMEDIANS,

At the Phœnix *in* Drury-lane.

The second Impression, corrected by the Author, THOMAS HEYWOOD.

Aut prodesse solent aut delectare ——

LONDON,

Printed by *Iohn Raworth, for Iohn Crouch,* 1640.

Drammatis Perſonæ.

Apuleius, Midas. } *The Chorus.*

Admetus, *King of* Theſſaly.

Aſtioche, Petrea, Pſiche, } *His three Daughters.*

Menetius, Zelotes, } *Husbands to* Petrea *and* Aſtioche.

Venus.
Cupid.
Pan.
Apollo.
Mercury.
Vulcan.
Pluto.
Proſerpine.
Minos.
Eacus.
Rhadamant.
Charon.
Cerberus.
Zephirus.
Boreas.
Furies.
Foure Ciclops.
The Clowne.
Amarillis *a ſhee Swaine.*
Foure Swaines.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, *Edward*, Earle of *Dorſet*, Lord Chamberlaine to the QVEENES Moſt Excellent Majeſty, Knight of the Noble order of the *Garter*, and one of his MAJESTIES moſt Honorable Privie Councell.

RIGHT HONORABLE,

IT having pleaſed Her Moſt Excellent Majeſty to grace this (though unworthy) Poem ſo often with her Royal preſence, I was imboldened the rather (though I dare not commend) yet to commit it to your Noble Patronage, neither are Dramma's of this nature, ſo deſpicable, as to be held unworthy the

countenance of great men, when there is frequent president that the like have been Dedicated too, and entertained by Emperors, and the most Potent Princes of their times. If your Honor shall dayne the acceptance of a plaine mans love, and observance in this Presentment, as you grace the worke, so you shall much incourage the Author, who humbly takes his leave of your Lordship, with that borrowed from the excellent Poet *Nemesianus. Engl.* 1.

——o *Dignus senior quem Carmine* Phœbus,
Pan *Calamis, Fidibus,* Linus, *Modulantibus* Orpheus, *Concinerent.*

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

To the Reader.

Generous Reader,

FOr this *Dramatick* Poem, *I need not much Apologie: It having paſt ſo many Teſts of Approbation, yet for commendable Cuſtomes ſake I follow the tradition of all or moſt Authors, who were never deficient in this kind of complement: The Argument is taken from* Apuleius, *an excellent Morrall, if truly underſtood, and may be called a golden Truth, contained in a leaden fable, which though it be not altogether conſpicious to the vulgar, yet to thoſe of Learning and judgement, no leſſe apprehended in the Paraphraſe, than approved in the Originall: of which, if the peruſers hereof were all* Apuleians, *and never a* Midas *amongſt them, I ſhould make no queſtion: So much for the Subject it ſelfe, but for the rare decorements which now apparrell'd it, when it came the ſecond time to the Royall view, (Her Gracious* Majeſty *then entertaining her Highneſſe at* Denmarke-houſe, *upon her Birth-day) I cannot preſermit to give a due Character to that admirable Artiſt, Mr.* Inego Jones, *Maſter ſurveyor of the* Kings *worke, &c. Who to every Act, may almoſt to every Sceane, by his excellent Inventions, gave ſuch an extraordinary Luſter; upon every occaſion changing the ſtage, to the admiration of all the Spectators: that, as I muſt Ingeniouſly confeſſe, It was above my apprehenſion to conceive, ſo to their ſacred* Majeſties, *and the reſt of the Auditory, it gave ſo generall a content, that I preſume they never parted from any object, preſented in that kind, better pleaſed, or more plenally ſatisfied: But theſe I leave to your judgement, to gheſſe at; the thing it ſelfe I propoſe to your eyes, to cenſure, which if you judge as favourably as I expreſſe it freely, I ſhall ever remaine as heretofore;*

Studious of your beſt opinions.

THO: HEYWOOD.

The

The *Prologue* to this Play, the first time it was Presented on the Stage; *Cupid* descending in a Cloud, the Speaker.

IT was a Custome 'mongst the *Romanes*, when
State-Ladies they invited, or great men,
As if their doores were all too base, and vile
To entertaine them; their large Roofes to untile,
And their unbounded welcome more to crowne,
In Artificiall Cloudes to let them downe;
Their superstitious Love so farre extending,
Receiving them as gods from heaven descending.
Although we cannot meet you with like state,
As entring hither at our publike gate,
You are as welcome; 'Tis *Love* bids you so:
And, as their use was, to their guests to show
Their best, and costliest Jewels (without boast,
So *Cupid* will) what he affecteth most,
His sweet and dearest Mistris; or if ought
Were more in valuation, or in thought,
That you should see: She is both fresh and new,
Then bid her but as welcome, as I, you.

Her *Majesty* inviting the *King* to *Denmark House*, in the *Strand*, upon His Birth-day, being *November* the 19. This Play (bearing from that time) the Title of the *Queens Masque*, was againe presented before Him: *Cupid* speaking the Prologue.

WHo's so un-read, doth not of *Plato* heare,
His *Annus Magnus*, or his *Vertent* yeare;
In which the Starres, and Planets, Moone, and Sun,
Tyr'd with continuall labour, having runne

So

So many Ages long peregrination,
And returnes freſh and new to It's firſt ſtation.
This is that yeare ſure; rather this the day,
Able to change *November* into *May*:
This day's in heaven a *Jubylee* of *Joy*,
Where *Angels* ſing in quires, *Vive la Roy*.
This is the Royall Birth-day of a King,
Then men with Angels *Iopean* ſing.
I'had almoſt loſt my ſelfe, when my intent
Was to tell why I come, and from whom ſent:
From One, to whom I'me but a ſhadow, Shee
The very ſoule of *Amabilitee*.
One, that without my quiver and my bow,
Commands the hearts and eyes, of high and low.
Whoſe Name (Inſcribed here) did you but behold,
Twould change the ſooty Inke, to liquid Gold
Of fulgent beauty; but ſo pure a mind,
As if tinctur'd from Heaven, and ſo devin'd.
I *Love*, from *Love* am ſent, but *She* the right:
Then grace (Great King) the Triumphs, of *Loves* night.

The *Epilogue*, ſpoken by *Cupid*, pointing to the ſeverall Plannets.

NOw Royall Princes, let me turne to you,
Daigne from *Loves* mouth, to take this nights adieu:
Thinke all theſe Plannets that on earth here move,
(Shadowes of thoſe Cœleſtiall ones above)
Breath on you their beſt Influences; *Vulcan* he,
Shall henceforth take charge of your Armory.
Juno the Marriage Queen, ſhall bleſſe your bed:
The *Sunne* ſhall take the bright beames from his head,
To increaſe your glories luſture: and the *Moone*,
Attend on you, to make your Mid-night noone:
And *Mercury* ſhall roame from ſhore to ſhore
Upon your errands, proove your happy ranger,

Home.

Home-bred to'spie and foresee foreaigne danger:
Venus with sweets, and I with *Love* will charme you;
And after all these, *Love* with Power shall arme you.
I'have kept you waking long, good night, 'tis late,
And many Birth-dayes may you Celebrate.

The *Prologue* to the King and Queene, the Second time it was Acted, the same Week:

Spoken by *Cupid*.

YEs; sure 'twas here: where some few houres I past,
The very time that I descended last;
I, here it was, I know it by one face,
To which my Mistris *Psiche* must give place.
A presence; that from *Venus* takes all power,
And makes each place she comes in, *Cupids* bower;
Though in their severall spheares, each Planet ride,
(With all the gods) to feast me and my bride,
With *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*, yet, that waste
Of godly fare could not my pallat taste:
But I must all Cælestiall sweets forbeare,
To re-view earthly *Iove*, and *Iuno* here,
Whom having seen; Haile to you once againe;
Long as the spheares continue, may you Raigne
In Majesty, in power, in issue blest,
Be all these with your fortunate yeeres Increast;
Till *Cupid* (ever yong) with *Time* grow old,
And you, this Iron Age, changing to gold,
(Re-pur'd by your two vertues) These etheriall,
May change to brighter Chaires in th'Heavens Imperiall.

Loves

Loves Mistris.

ACT. I. SCÆ. I.

Enter Apuleius, *with a patre of asse eares in his hand.*

HOw art thou *Apuleius* retransform'd?
Or else how cam'st thou metamorphis'd first
Into an Asse? Why to so dull a beast,
Of slow, and so obtuse a memory?
I had a braine aym'd at inscrutable things,
Beyond the Moon; what was sublunary,
Me thought was for my study all too meane;
Therefore, I therefore was I thus transhap'd:
That knowing man who keeps not in his bounds,
But pryes into heavens hidden Mysteries
Further than leave, his dulnesse is increast,
Ceaseth to be a man, and so turnes beast:
And thus I fell, yet by the selfe same power,
That calls all humane wisedome a foolishnesse,
Am once more to my pristine shape restor'd;
Only to show how vaine my ambitions were,
This follies creast I still about me beare:
I faine would know the way to *Helicon*,
Can none here tell me? Will none silence breake?
It seems these sit to heare then, not to speak.

Enter Midas.

Here's one I hope can tell me: Reverend Father,
How lies my journey to the *Muses* hill?

Mi. Follow thy nose.

Ap. Thou most unreverend groome,
(I hope my Asses shape is quite shook off)
Why in this churlish manner speak'st thou then?

Mi. The *Muses*? hang the *Muses*.

Ap. Can'st thou conduct
My wandring steps to *Aganippes* spring?
To the *Muses* Temple I am travelling
And must to them performe a sacrifice.

Mi. An Asse head of thy own, thou must performe.

Ap. If men be growne thus savage; oh you powers,
Remetamorphise mee into an asse;
'Tis lesse inglorious, and lesse griefe to live
A beast amongst wilde beasts, then to see man
Bruite-like to blemish his creation.

Mi. I tell thee once againe, I know no *Muses*;
No *Muses* hill, no *Aganippes* spring;
And which is more, I care for no such toyes.

Ap. And which is worst, none wise will care for thee;
Oh griefe, that silver haires should crowne his head;
By whom the *Muses* are dishonoured:
Say Idoll, what's thy name?

Mi. What's that to thee?
Yet was I sometime King of *Phrigia*,
To whom god *Bacchus* was beholding once:
And therefore bad me aske what I would have,
I should be granted; Instantly I begg'd
That whatsoere I touch'd might turne to Gold;
At first it pleas'd mee: When I sate to eate,
I touch'd the Table, and it straight was gold,
The trenchers gold; I call'd for earthen vessells,
Which by my touch were alcumis'd to gold,
All which I hugg'd; but when I came to carve,
Even as the dishes, so the meat was gold;
The liquid wine, but touch'd, was straight congeal'd;
And had not *Bacchus* freed me from my wish,
Amid'st my gold I had beene starv'd ere this.

Ap. Dull covetous foole.

Mi. The shame of this made mee resigne my state;
And where before I was a King of men,
To flie the harshnes of fooles bitter jeasts,

I made

I made this wooll crowne, and am King of beasts,
And my name's *Midas.*

Ap. Then oh King of beasts,
Be this thy curse; when thy base life's out-worne,
No sacred Poet name thee but in scorne:
But wilt thou sit with silence? (doe?

Mi. Thou prat'st and bablest, what would'st thou have me

Ap. Seest thou this spheare spangled with all these starres,
All these Love-arts; nor shall they part from hence
With unfeasted eares: my purpose was
To expose them to the shapes of all those asses,
With whom my lost soul wandred in a mist,
Knowing, of them thou art not counted least;
But first I'll shew a story of mine owne,
Of *Cupids* love to *Psiche*, sit and see't;
I'll make thee then ingeniously confesse
Thy treason 'gainst the *Muses* Majesty;
Withall, not only whatsoever's mine,
But all true Poets raptures are divine.

Mi. Thou hast prevail'd with me, by *Pan* I'll stay;
But take heed Poet that your rimes be sound,
Else with thine owne asse eares thou shalt be crown'd.

Ap. We two contend; Art here, there Ignorance:
Be you the Judges, we invite you all
Vnto this banquet Accademicall. *Exeunt.*

Recorders. Enter Admetus, Menetius, Zelotis, Astioche, Petrea, Psiche.

Ad. You Peers and Daughters to th' *Arcadian* King,
We have past the great'st part of our Pilgrimage;
Listen, oh listen, for these sounds that guild
The ayres light wings, fanning through all our eares
Immortall tunes; tell us we are ariv'd
At sacred *Delphos*; see the burnish'd Spires
Advance themselves to welcome our approach;
The Temple gates stand ope, and that great Deitie,
Whose tongue speaks nothing lesse than Oracle,

Attended by his *Sibills*, daines to appeare. *Enter Apollo.*

Mene. Oh teach our knees with a moſt reverent touch,
To kiſſe this hallowed earth.

Zelo. Ladies kneel downe.

Aſtio. And ſir relate to faire *Latonaes* Son,
Why this religious voyage was attempted.

Ad. Daughters I ſhall:
Sacred *Apollo*, god of Archery,
Of Arts, of Phyſicke, and of Poetry:
Ioves bright hair'd Son, whoſe yellow treſſes ſhine
Like curled flames, hurling a moſt divine,
And dazling ſplendor on theſe leſſar fires,
Which from thy guilt beams, when thy Carre retires,
Kindle thoſe tapers that lend eyes to night:
Oh thou that art the Landlord of all light;
Bridegroom to morning, dayes eternall King,
To whom Nine *Muſes* in a ſacred ring,
In dances ſpherically, trip hand in hand,
Whilſt thy well-ſtringed Harpe their feet command;
Great *Delphian* Prieſt, we to adore thy name
Have burnt fat thighs of Bulls in hallowed flame,
Whoſe ſavor wrapt in clouds of ſmoak and fire,
To thy Star-ſpangled pallace durſt aſpire;
Tell us who ſhall untie the Virgin Zone
Of the white-handed *Pſiche*; ſhe alone
Of three moſt faire, is moſt unfortunate;
All love, but none her love will celebrate
With nuptiall rights; what muſt of her betide,
Dread *Phebus* tell, to whom ſhall ſhe be bride.

Apol. Cloath *Pſiche* in a mourning weed,
Then lead and leave her on a hill,
Where *Venus* Doves their yong ones feed,
Her husband not of humane race;
But one, whoſe flaming ſight doth kill,
And yet wants eyes; his ſerpents face
If ſhe behold, ſhe muſt ſee hell,
And yet by ſome notorious deed,

Obtaine

Obtaine a Patent from that place
Never to die : *Psiche* farewell,
Much joy'd, much griev'd ; unclaspe that spell. *Ex. Apollo.*
Ad. Much griev'd, and yet much joy'd, poore girle. I fear
The scale of griefe will weigh downe that of cheer.
Mene. She must see hell, and yet she nere shall die;
True, for hels torments live eternally.
Asti. But father, no tongue shall her joyes expresse.
Petre. Phebus, thy words leave us all comfortlesse.
Psi. I must espouse a serpent, that's my hell.
Zelo. But since you never shall behold his face,
Your torments cannot be too horrible.
Mene. Is't possible, by deeds impossible
To attaine the Crowne of immortality :
It cannot be : Thus mocking *Phebus* leaves us,
Alwayes in clouds of darkenesse to deceive us,
Ad. Stay thy prophane tongue, lest deserved wrath,
Strike thee with death from his revengefull spheare :
Thou must be cloath'd in mourning, so thou art,
A mourning habite, and a thought-sicke heart :
Thou must be left alone on *Venus* hill :
The destinies decree, we must fulfill :
Thy husband must want sight, and yet have eyes
That flame, and kill ; oh leave these mysteries
Vntill the gods reveale them ; come, let's hence :
Change your *Arcadian* tunes to *Lidian* sounds,
Sad notes are sweetest, where deep woe confounds.

Exeunt omnes.

Recorders. Enter Venus.

Ven. Cupid my Son, where's he ? *Within.*
Cup. Anon forsooth.
Ven. I'le gather rods of Roses, if you mock me
With your anon-forsooth. *Within.*
Cup. Anon-forsooth.
Ven. Shall I be thus still vext ? still when my blood
Boyles in the fire of anger, then this apa
With purpose frets me. ——— Boy.

Enter Cupid.

Cup. Anon-forsooth.

Ven. Will *Iuno* come, or *Ceres*?

Cup. *Iuno* lay lolling in my Vncles lap.

Ven. Which Vncle?

Cup. Vncle *Iove*: I laught out-right
To see how (wanton-like) with both her armes,
She clung about his necke; gave him ten kisses,
Toy'd with his lockes, look'd babies in his eyes,
And swore she would not watch him when he went
Amongst his wenches, if he'd turne away
His sawcy page, the smooth-fac'd *Ganimed*;
The boy by chance upon her fan had spilt
A cup of Nectar; oh how *Iuno* swore:
I told my Aunt I'de give her a new fan,
To let *Ioves* page be *Cupids* serving-man.

Ven. What's this to *Venus* message, what said *Iuno*?

Cup. I ask'd her when she'd come, and in good sooth,
She answered nothing but anon-forsooth.

Ven. And where was *Ceres*, what did she reply?

Cup. *Ceres* was binding garlands for god *Pan*,
Of Blew-bottles, and yellow Pissabeds
That grew amongst the Wheat, with which she crown'd
His forked browes, and woed him with his horne
To rouze the skipping Satyrs, to go hunt
A herd of swine that rooted up her corne:
I ask'd her when she'd come, and in good sooth,
She sent me packing with anon-forsooth.

Ven. I sent for *Pan*, and for *Apollo* too
What news from them?

Cup. They said they would be here immediatly.

Enter Pan and Apollo.

Apo. Why in such haste hath *Venus* sent for us?

Ven. I sent for *Iuno*, and for *Ceres* too.
But they 'll not come.

Pan. Well, what's the news with you?

Ven. Have you not heard how *Venus* is contemn'd?

Her

Her Temples gaz'd at, but not troad upon,
Her ſtately hangings, and her pillowes torne;
Thoſe roſie garlands that her ſtatues crown'd,
Are wither'd, or elſe trampled on the ground;
Thoſe troops that flock'd to *Paphos* to adore me,
Shun *Paphos* now, and ſcornefully abhor me.

Pan. That's ſtrange, for all are up to th'eares in love;
Boyes without beards get boyes, and girles beare girles,
Fine little rattle-babies, ſcarce thus high,
Are now call'd wives; If long this hot world ſtand,
We ſhall have all the earth turne *Pigmy-land*.

Ven. All honour Lovers but none adore Loves Queen:

Apol. The injury is great, but from whence ſpringes it?

Ven. From *Pſiche* daughter to the *Arcadian* King;
They call her Queen of Love, will know no other,
And ſwear my Son ſhall kneel and call her mother.

Cup. But *Cupid* ſwears to make the jacks forſworne.

Apol. Will *Citharea* ſwallow this diſgrace?

Pan. What ſhall Pan doe in this?

Ven. Lend me your ayds.
If you meet *Pſiche*, charge yong *Mercury*
To ſend me to her, or Impriſon her
Till you have ſent me word.

Apol. If this be all, *Venus* ſhall have her wiſh.

Pan. Pan by his upright hornes and beard doth ſwear
To hunt out *Pſiche*; but if I doe this,
What will ſweet *Venus* give me?

Ven. A ſweet kiſſe;
And *Phebus* ſhall have one, *Cupid* another,
Vpon condition they will right thoſe wrongs
Which *Pſiche* in her great pride throws on me:
Draw from thy quiver a dull leaden ſhaft,
And ſticke it through her boſome to the heart;
Make her in love, but let her proud eyes doat
On ſome ill-ſhapen drudge, ſome ugly foot,
Do this, Ile weave for thee a Coronet
Of Roſes, mixt with Berenices haire:

And give thee my beſt Chariot, and my Doves,
To hunt with on the earth, or in the ayre;
Wilt thou do this my boy?

Cup. I will for-ſooth.

Ven. Nay do not mock me, wilt thou?

Cup. Yes indeed, indeed I will for-ſooth,

Ven. Sweet lad adieu then:
Apollo, Pan, revenge poor *Venus* wrongs,
Whilſt I unyoke my ſilver coloured team,
To wanton on the boſome of yon ſtream. *Exit.*

Apol. Now ſhe hath call'd me downe unto the earth,
I'le try what paſtimes dwell amongſt the ſwaines. *Exit.*

Pan. And with my Satires I will have ſome ſport
Here in the *Arcadian* valleys. *Exit.*

Cup. Shall *Pſiches* beautious eyes gaze on baſe love?
No, let my Mother ſtorme, and chafe and lower,
She ſhall be none but *Cupids* Paramour:

Enter Zephirus.

Ho *Zephirus*,——how now thou puffing ſlave,
Art thou growne proud, thou ſwell'ſt ſo? Gentle winde,
Clap on thy ſmootheſt feathers, ſleekeſt wings,
And mount thee to the top of yonder rocke,
There ſhalt thou finde anon a forlorne maid,
Convey her gently downe unto the vaile
That borders on my bower; ſee this perform'd,
And I will cloathe thee in a graſſe-green Robe,
Sported with Daſies Pincks, and Marigolds;
I'le play the thief in *Flora's* treaſury,
To make all eyes in love with *Zephirus*;
Fly hence, do this, and henceforth be thou King
Of all the Windes, and father of the Spring. *Exeunt.*

Enter Admetus, Menetius, Zelotis, Aſtioche, Petrea, Pſiche.

Ad. Behold the foot of that unhappy Rocke,
Vpon whoſe frozen top, by *Phebus* doome,
Thou muſt abide thy moſt ſiniſter hap.

Aſtio.

Aſtio. Deare ſiſter *Pſiche.*

Pſi. Peace *Aſtiocho.*

Petrea, Father: you ſhould all have mourn'd
When the mad ſpirits of the multitude
Kneel'd downe and, call'd me *Venus*; then have wept,
When *Citharean* Altars were left bare,
And I was call'd a goddeſſe; when theſe teares,
whoſe reeking makes my funerall lights burne dimme,
Might have quench'd *Venus* wrath; but leave me now
To fight with death, or meet worſe miſery.

Mene. But lurkes that ſerpent in this fatall rocke?

Pet. So ſaid *Apollo.*

Zelo. Then *Menetius*,
We will conduct faire *Pſiche* to the cave,
And rip the monſters intrails with our ſwords.

Pſi. Forbeare all force, I will aſcend alone;
Phebus will be diſpleas'd; Alone ſaid he,
Diſtreſſed *Pſiche* ſhall climbe up yon hill.

Ad. The way is dangerous, thou wilt looſe thy ſelfe
Without a guide.

Pſi. Death muſt my conduct me,
See where the pale hagge ſtands; vaine world adieu,
I am his bride, he waits for none of you.

She climbes up the Rocke.

Ad. What pains the poore girle takes, ſee how ſhe ſtrives
Againſt the ſwelling boſome of the hill.

Mene. See the kinde brambles, as enamor'd of her,
Circle her beauty in her catching armes,
Woeing her to come backe; as who ſhould ſay,
Thou run'ſt too faſt to death, ſweet *Pſiche* ſtay.

Ad. But all in vaine, ſhe now hath climb'd the Rocke.
And wafts her hand, doe you the like to her,
Whoſe timeleſſe death prepares my Sepulchre.

Petre. Siſter with courage meet thy deſtiny,
To morrow, if thou liv'ſt, we'll viſite thee. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cupid and Zephirus.

Cup. Fly *Zephirus*, on top of yonder mount

My faire Love ſits; on thy ſoft ſwelling wings
Let *Pſiche* ride——you voyces that attend me, *Ex. Zep.*
Dance in the ayre like wantons, to intice
My love to dwell in *Cupids* Paradiſe:
Muſicke with raviſhing tones inchant her eares;
A banquet there: She that doth *Cupid* wed,
Thus ſhall ſhe live, and thus be honoured. *Exit.*

Enter Zephirus, and takes Pſiche from the Rock, and Exit with her in his armes. A Banquet brought in.

Enter Zephirus with Pſiche and places her at the Banquet, and Exit.

Pſi. Where am I now? For through the cheerfull ayre
Hither I have been brought, on unſeen wings;
What wonderous place is this? No ſerpent ſure
Lurkes in this pleaſant bowre: my eare drinks founds
Of heaven-tun'd Inſtruments; I ſee no creature,
And yet me thought ſoft fingers ſet me downe,
And I am fore'd by ſweet compulſion, *A Banquet firſt plain,*
To be the only gueſt of this faire board, *and preſently ſet out*
Which empty, is as ſoon new furniſhed; *with all Delicates.*
I faine would touch theſe ſweets, but feare to taſte them.
Eccho. Taſte them. 2. Taſte them. 3. Taſte them.
Pſi. What voice is that? I dare no longer ſit.
Eccho. Sit. 2. Sit. 3. Sit.
Pſi. Who mockes me? Are you devils, or are you gods?
Ecc. Gods. 2. Gods. 3. Gods.
Pſi. The gods will do no harme.
Ecc. No harme. 2. No harme. 3. No harme,
Pſi. Pſiche be bold, and taſte this heavenly food.
Ecc. Ha ha ha. 2. Ha ha ha. 3. Ha ha ha.
Pſi. Theſe are no *Eechoes*, for they ſhift their place,
Nor catch they my laſt words as *Eechoes* doe:
For when I would have fed, they mock'd my pride,
They laught aloud at my preſumption:

No

No, theſe are Fury-Elves, and will torment me.

Enter Zephirus with drinke.

If thus I talke to them,———Who fils this wine,
And tempts my eye with it? as who ſhould ſay,
Drinke *Pſiche.*

Ecc. Drinke *Pſiche.* 2. Drinke *Pſiche.* 3. Drinke *Pſiche.*

Pſi. I'le taſte no drop of this inchanted wine:
Faine from this Magick circle would I riſe,
Yet dare not; oh let *Pſiche* ſee your eyes,
Or rid me hence, and ſet my feares in peace.

Ecc. Peace. 2. Peace. 3. Peace.

Enter Cupid.

Cup. How lovely is my *Pſiche*; earth's too baſe
To be poſſeſt of her Celeſtiall forme:
My mother hates her; for the gods I feare
Would baniſh her from earth, my Love being there;
And therefore ſhall ſhe live in *Cupids* Bower,
For ſhe deſerves to be loves Paramour:
Oh how my faire eyes wound me; by this kiſſe,
And this white hand.

Pſi. Oh me! what voice is this
I feel? beſides, ſoft fingers, and a Ring.

Cup. Long white fingers, ſoft white hand,
Ring and all at thy command.

Pſi. Is this my husband then?

Cup. Ho *Zephirus*,
Remove hence thoſe Ambroſian diſhes ſtraight.

Zephirus takes off the Banquet.

Pſi. My father much miſtook the Oracle;
To this ſweet voice, could I enjoy the ſight,
I ſhould my ſelfe then ſtile Queen of delight.

Cup. Pleaſure ſhall be thy lacky; wilt thou hunt,
Then in an ayery Charriot, drawne by birds,
On the windes downie back my love ſhall ride:
Mild *Zephirus* ſhall be thy Waggoner;
Who if the heat offend, his ſilver wings
Shall fan coole ayre upon thee, yet my love,

If thou commit'st one sin, thou art not mine.

Ps. Name it, and I'le avoid it for your sake.

Cu. Thy mourning sisters shortly will returne,
And seek thee on the rocke from whence thou cam'st,
But shun their sight and speech; *Psiche* do this,
Thou rob'st me else of love, thy selfe of blisse.

Ps. Not speak nor see my sisters; oh what pleasure
Can *Psiche* take, lock't in a golden Jayle?

Cup. Run not unto thy ruine gentle love;
Yet if thou needs wilt see and speak with them,
Command thy servant *Zephirus* to bring them
From top of yonder Rocke into this vaile;
But if they make inquiry who I am,
Fill both their laps with gold, and send them gon,
Besides I woe thee by this nuptiall kisse,
Do not perswade me to disclose my shape,
Attempting that, thou looseſt this high state;
I then must leave thee, thou live desolate.

Ps. In all these things, I will obey my love.

Cup. Then *Psiche*, in thine unseen husbands hand,
Claspe thy white fingers; I'le now crowne thy bed
With the sweet spoiles of thy lost Maiden-head. *Exeunt.*

Enter Apuleius and Midas.

Mi. Hand off, let go my sheep-hook, I'le not stay,
I'le hang my selfe, e're I'le see out thy Play:
Call you this Poetry?

Ap. If this displeaſe thee *Midas*, then I'le shew thee
E're I proceed with *Cupid* and his love,
What kinde of people I commerſt withall
In my transhape.

Mi. That's when thou wert an Asse.

Ap. The very same.

Mi. Yes, that I faine would see.

Ap. Sit then and view thine owne infirmity.

A dance. Enter a proud asse with eares.

Mi. What follow's that?

Ap.

Ap. A ſelfe-will'd inſolent foole,
Who ſpights at thoſe above him, and thoſe beneath
Deſpiſeth, and his equals jets upon;
Rich in his owne conceit, in judgement poor,
Still carping, tho' a coxcombe, and may paſſe,
As theſe dayes go, for a proud arogant Aſſe.

Dance. Enter a Prodigall Aſſe.

Mid. I, this I like; What fellowes that?
Ad. A fellow he,
Who riots that, which moſt penuriouſly
His father hoorded, in drabs, drinke and play,
Wearing fantaſtick habits, and gay clothes,
Till he hath quite exhauſted all his gold,
And for a prodigall Aſſe may be inroul'd.

Dance. Enter a Drunken Aſſe.

Mi. This gives me good content——What's he?
Ap. A pot-companion, brother to the glaſſe,
That roars in's cups, indeed a drunken Aſſe.

Dance. Enter an Uſurer.

Mi. He looks like a good fellow——Now that gray-beard?
Ap. One that doth pinch his belly in his life,
And ſtarve his own guts to make others feed;
Patcheth his own clothes to make others proud,
And for a covetous Aſſe may be allow'd.

Dance. A young Gentlewoman.

Mi. But ſo did never *Midas*——Now, that Minks,
Ap. Her mothers darling ſhe, borne to good means;
In love with all ſhe ſees, yet truly, none;
Who then great Heires are proffered, trifles them;
And in the end, when with none elſe ſhe can,
She marries with her fathers ſerving-man:
And that is a right ſhe-Aſſe.

Dance. An ignorant Asse.

Mi. What Reverend person's that of all the other?
I like him best,

Ap. That *Midas*, is thy brother,
A piece of mooving earth, illiterate, dull;
Who having in himselfe naught commendable,
Envies What's good in others; and yet dare
In his owne impudence, with Arts compare:
A blocke, a stone, yet learning he'll revile,
And a dull ignorant Asse we will him stile.

Mi. But where's your Poet Asse among all these?

Dance and Exit.

Ap. There's no such creature.

Mi. Then what call'st thou those
That let not men lie quiet in their graves,
But haunt their ghosts with ballats and bal'd rimes?
Do they not teach the very feinds in hell
Speek in blanke verse; do we not daily see
Every dull-witted Asse spit Poetry:
And for thy Scene, thou bring'st here on the Stage
A young green-sickenesse baggage to run after
A little ape-fac'd boy thou tearm'st a god;
Is not this most absurd?

Ap Mis-understanding fool, thus much conceive,
Psiche is *Anima*, *Psiche* is the Soule,
The Soule a Virgin, longs to be a bride,
The soul's Immortall, whom then can she wooe
But Heaven? whom wed, but Immortality:
Oh blame not *Psiche* then, if mad with rage,
She long for this so divine marriage.

Mid But tell me then, why should *Apollo* say,
All love her, and yet none will marry her.

Ap. All love faire *Psiche*, all cast amorous eyes
On the soules beauty, but who is't will wed her?
None with the soul will lead so strict a life,
As heaven enjoynes with such a blessed wife.

Mi. Thou promp'st my understanding pretty well;

But

But why ſhould *Venus* being Queen of Love,
Wiſh her Son *Cupid* to enamour her
On ſome baſe groom miſ-ſhapen, and deform'd ?
Ap. By *Venus* here, is meant untemperate luſt;
Luſt woes here Son *Deſire*, to inflame the ſoul
With ſome baſe groom, that's to ſome ugly ſinne;
Deſire is good and ill; the evill ſweares
To obey his mother *Venus*, and vexe *Pſiche*:
But *Cupid* repreſenting true deſire,
Doats on the ſouls ſweet beauty, ſends his ſervant
Zephirus; In whom, Celeſtiall pleaſure's meant,
To entice his Love, the Soule, to his chaſte bed,
Giving her heaven for her loſt maiden-head.
Mi. Only one Riddle more, and I have done;
Why did the poor girle *Pſiche* take ſuch paines ?
What ſcrambling ſhift ſhe made to climbe the mountaine,
And crawle through brakes and briers to get a husband.
Ap. This ſhewes how many ſtrong adverſities,
Croſſes, pricks, thornes, and ſtings of conſcience,
Would throw the ambitious ſoule affecting heaven,
Into deſpaire and fainting diffidence,
Which *Pſiche* muſt paſſe through; the ſoule muſt fly
Through thouſand letts, to ſeek eternity.
Mi. Thou haſt made this ſomewhat plaine.
Ap. Kinde Gentlemen,
Winke at our ſtrife, you may in pardoning this,
Count this our talke a meer Parenteſis. *Exeunt.*

ACT. II. SCENE I.

Enter Pſiche, Aſtioche, and Petrea.

Pſ. WElcome dear ſiſters; with the breath of Love,
Poor *Pſiche* gives kind welcome to you both:
Oh tell me then by what auſpicious guide,
You came conducted to this ſacred place ?

Aſti.

Aſti. Sifter you ſhall: when many a weary ſtep
Had brought us to the top of yonder Rocke,
Mild *Zephirus* embrac'd us in his armes,
And in a cloud of rich and ſtrong perfumes,
Brought's unto the skirts of this green mead.
Pſi. And happily ariv'd: Nature and Art
Have ſtrove to make this dale their treaſury;
Windes fly on *Pſiches* errands; ſhapes unſeen
Are my attendants, and to make me ſport,
Will dance like nimble Ecchoes in the ayre,
And mocke me.
Eccho, Mock me. 2. Mock me. 3. Mock me.
Pſi. Sifters, how like you this?
Ec. This, ha ha ha. 2. This, ha ha ha. 3. This, ha ha ha.
Petr. They mock us, will they do no harme to us?
Pſi. Oh no.
Eccho. No. 2. No. 3. No.
Pſi. Bablers, be ſilent.
Eccho. Silent. 2. Silent. 3. Silent.
Pſi. Or elſe I'le puniſh you;
And let me heare ſome Muſicke——Loud——And ſtill.
Loud Muſicke, and ſtill Muſicke.
Tell me, how like you this?
Aſti. It flies the reach of Admiration.
Petr. But let us ſee the ſhapes of them that play,
What are they, ſpeake? or what's your husbands name?
Let's know our brother, that we may relate
To th'King our father your high honour'd ſtate.
Pſi. My husband, ſiſter, is now rid from home.
Aſti. Why, ſay he be, I hope you know his name;
We'll ranſacke all the Pallace but we'll finde him:
Is your ſweet-heart ſo proud, he'll not be ſeen?
Petr. Where is he *Pſiche*?
Pſi. Truſt me, he's from home.
Aſti. Let's ſee his Picture then?
Pſi. Laſſe I have none.
Petr. Deſcribe his perſon.

Psy. I must shift them hence,
My tongue will else breed my confusion.
Asti. Nay sister, when?
Petr. When sister will it be?
Psy. How should I give him shape I never saw?
He's a faire lovely youth, upon each cheek,
Smiles lie in cheerfull dimples; on his brow
Sits Love and Majesty in glorious pride;
His eyes such beauty in their circles hold,
That walking in the night, I have thought them Stars;
Long flaxen curled tresses crowne his head.
Come, come, you shall not be enamored
On my faire husband; this for all suffice,
He's yong and rich.
Asti. Oh how my blood doth rise,
In envy of her high felicity; speake, what's his name?
Psy. Home, home; more musicke there, I must to rest:
Recorders. Enter Zephirus with bags.
Ho *Zephirus*, come forth, and bring me brim-full baggs of gold:
Hold up your laps, tho' them you cannot see
That bring this gold, this larges take from me;
Adieu, adieu: my duty to the King,
I needs must stop mine eares when Syrens sing.
Petr. Astioche.
Asti. *Petrea*, oh, I am mad to note her pride;
Her husband is no serpent as 'twas said,
And false *Apollo* sung; he is some god,
And this his Temple, for no mortall hand
Hath laid these Christiall pavements, cloath'd these meades
In never-fading liveries of green;
Flora you see clothes all the ground with flowers,
Flora is *Psiches* hand-maid; *Zephirus*
Is but her foot-boy, lackeys at her beck.
Petr. Yet she's our sister, and it doth me good
To see rich worth in any of our blood.
Asti. Thou art a fool *Petrea*, for I hate
That any's fortune should transcend my state;

She sends us hence in scorne, but we'll returne,
And never cease, till by some treachery,
Her pride we make a slave to misery. *Exeunt.*

Enter Admetus, Menetius, and Zelotis.

Mene. Patience great sir, you have not lost them all,
Doubtlesse the two last live.

Zelo. Sir though they be your daughters, th'are our wives,
And we are in no such despaire of them.

Ad. Admit you were one for *Astioche*,
And that another for *Petrea* wept,
You two, but for two wives shed husbands teares;
For you and them, I sorrow all: your feares
Divided betwixt you; on me alone,
Lies like a mountaine, and thus casteth down
Admetus wretched body, with his crowne:
They followed *Psiche* and her destiny,
Hath given them death, us living misery.

Enter Evemere.

Eve. Rise Royall sir, your Dauhgters are return'd.

Ad. Oh where, which way; are my two daughters come?

Eve. Yes sir, and both their laps are fill'd with gold.

Enter Astioche and Petrea.

Ad. Wellcome to both in one; oh can you tell
What fate your sister hath?

Both. *Psiche* is well.

Ad. So among mortalls it is often sed,
Children and friends are well, when they are dead:

Astio. But *Psiche* lives, and on her breath attends
Delights that farre surmount all earthly joy;
Musicke, sweet voyces, and Ambrosian fare,
Windes, and the light-wing'd creatures of the ayre:
Cleere channell'd Rivers, springs, and flowry meads,
Are proud when *Psiche* wantons on their streams,
When *Psiche* on their rich Imbroidery treads,
When *Psiche* guilds their Christall with her beams;

We have but ſeen our ſiſter, and behold
She ſends us with our laps full brimm'd with gold.

Adm. Oh, you amaze me Daughters.

Pet. Let joy baniſh amazement from your kingly thoughts,
Pſiche is wedded to ſome Deity,
And prayes withall, our quicke returne againe.

Ad. We grant it; we with you and theſe, will go
To P*ſiches* bowre; deſire inflames my minde,
To ſit on the bright wings of that bleſt winde.

Aſti. Oh but the god that governes P*ſiches* thoughts;
For ſure he is Immortall, charg'd my ſiſter
To talke with none but us.

Petr. Yet by the magicke of our tongues we'l try
If we can win you ſo much liberty.

Ad. Go my *Aſtiache*, but come againe
To comfort him that muſt thy want complaine;
Go with my love *Petrea*, but returne
With winged ſpeed, whilſt we your abſence mourne;
Go with my bleſſing; bleſt thoſe ſiſters be,
That live like you in bonds of unity:
Give P*ſiche* this; give her this thou *Petrea*, *Kiſſeth them.*
Tell her ſhe is my ſelfe, my ſouls *Idea*.
And ſay, whilſt ſhe is ſpotleſſe, lovely white,
She ſhall be my ſole comfort, my delight:
So part with my beſt wiſhes. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clowne, with three or foure Swaines.

Clo. And what might you call that yong gentleman, that rules and raignes, revells and roares in theſe walkes of *Arcadia*, that makes you borrow ſheepes eyes from your flockes, and leaves you no more braines in your heads than in your ſheep-hooks? What might you call that gallant?

1 *Swa.* Whom do you meane, him whom god *Pan* ſo honours, the Fawnes feare, and the Satyres ſhake to ſee?

Clo. Ille ipſe, the ſame; I deſire no more than this ſheep-hook in my hand to encounter with that twaſh-buckler.

2 *Swa.* It is the god of Love, they call him *Cupid*.

Clow. *Cupid* Coxcombe; your Satyrs are all sots, your Fawnes fooles, and your Pan a pitifull poore fellow; had I their horns (as I know not what I may have in time) I would so gore him; and what weapons doth he use?

3 *Swa.* They say Bow and Arrowes.

Clo. Bow and Bird-bolts doth he not; and how lies hee? where's his guard? what's his play? Can any of you all give me his true title?

1 *Swa.* Not I, 'tis far beyond me.

Clo. Then hearken oh you hoyds, and listen oh you Illiterates, whil'st I give you his stile in Folio: He is King of cares, cogitations, and coxcombes; Vice-roy of vows and vanities, Prince of passions, prate-apaces, and pickled lovers; Duke of disasters, dissemblers, and drown'd eyes; Marquesse of melancholly, and mad folkes, grand Signior of griefs, and groans; Lord of lamentations, Heroe of hic-hocs, Admirall of aymees, and Monsieur of mutton-lac'd.

2 *Swaine.* Heere's a stile I shall never bee able to get over.

Clo. And who do you thinke maintaines this princox in his *Pontificalibus*?

3 *Swa.* Nay, it exceeds my capacity.

Clo. A company of pitifull fellows call'd Poets; did you never heare of one *Homer*, and of the Tale of *Troy*, and of a ten yeers siege, and many such trifles.

2 *Swa.* Yes, and many things concerning them.

Clow. But heare me, oh you misse of mis-understanding; This *Troy* was a Village of some Twenty houses; and *Priam*, as silly a fellow as I am, only loving to play the good fellow, hee had a great many bowsing lads, whom he called sonnes.

3 *Swa.* As we have here in *Arcadia*.

Clo. Just the same; by this *Troy* ranne a small Brook, that one might stride over; on the other side dwelt *Menelaus*, a Farmer, who had a light wench to his wife call'd *Helen*, that kept his sheep, whom *Paris*, one of *Priams* mad lads, seeing and liking, tiest h over the brooke, and lies with her in despight

despight of her husbands teeth: for which wrong, he sends for one *Agamemnon* his brother, that was then high Constable of the hundred, and complaines to him: hee sends to one *Ulisses*, a faire spoken fellow, and Towne-clarke, and to divers others, amongst whom was one stout fellow called *Ajax*, a Butcher, who upon a Holy-day brings a payre of cudgells, and layes them downe in the midst, where the Two Hundreds were then met, which *Hector* a Baker, another bold lad of the other side seeing, steps forth, and takes them up; these two had a bowt or two for a broken pate; And here was all the circumstance of the *Trojan* Warres.

1 *Swa.* To see what these Poets can do.

Clowne. But listen to them and they will fill your heads with a thousand fooleries; observe one thing, there's none of you all sooner in love, but he is troubled with their itch, for hee will bee in his Amorets, and his Canzonets, his Pastoralls, and his Madrigalls, to his Phillis, and his Amorillis.

1 *Swa.* Oh beautious Amorillis.

Clo. And what's Amorillis think'st thou?

1 *Swa.* I faire and lovely creature.

Clo. I'le shew thee the contrary by her owne name, *Amor* is love, *illis* is ill, is ill, cannot be good; *Ergo Amorillis* is starke naught; let one or two examples serve for more, there's one of our faireſt Nimphes called *Susanna*; what is *Susanna*, but *Sus* and *anna*, which is in plaine Arcadia, *Nan* is a Sow.

2 *Swa.* Well, you have taught us more than ever I understood before, concerning Poetry.

Clowne. Come to me but one houre in a morning, and I'le reade deeper Philosophy to you; good-morrow Neighbors; Poets, quoth a; What's *Titule tu pstule* but Titles and Pages; What's *Propria que maribus*, but a proper man loves Mary-bons, *Feminno generi tribuntur*, but the Feminine Gender is troublesome; what's *Ovid*, but *quasi*, avoid; now should I be in love, with whom? with *Doll*, what's

that but Dole and lamentation, with Jugg, what's ſhe, but ſiſter to a black-pot, or what's Pegg, good for nothing but to drive into poſte: no *Cupid*, I defie thee and all thy genealogy.

Enter Cupid.

Cup. What's he that ſo prophanes our Deity?
And ſcornes that power which all the gods adore;
To whom *Iove* ſome-times bends, and *Neptune* kneels,
Mars homageth, and *Phebus* will ſubmit,
Slie *Mercury* obey, and *Vulcan* bow too;
And all the rurall gods and goddeſſes,
Saytirs and Nimphss allow their ſoveraigne:
He ſhall not ſcape unpuniſhed.

Clo. If I could but finde one of theſe fantaſticall Poets or light upon that little god their Patron, I would ſo tickle them.

Cup. This hobinall, this ruſticke, this baſe clowne;
I finde him of a dull and brain-leſſe eye,
Such as I know a golden-headed ſhaft
Will never enter; of a skin ſo thicke,
As pointed ſilver hath no power to pierce:
For ſuch groſſe fools, I have a bolt in ſtore,
Which though it cannot wound, ſhall give a blow,
To ſtartle all within him. *Shoots.*

Clo. Oh me, hey-hoe.

Cup. Lie there baſe *Midas* baſtard, that refuſes
All-honour'd love, and rail'ſt againſt the *Muſes*. *Exit.*

Clo. Oh coward, what ſoere thou art, to come behind a man and ſtrike him before, for I ſaw no body —— to ſhoot, and never give a man warning, oh coward; I am paid, I am pepper'd; the caſe is alter'd, for any one may gheſſe by the hugeneſſe of the blow, that I am mightily in love; ay-me that any wench were here, whoſe name is Ayme; now could I be in love with any madge, though ſhe were an Howlet, or with any maid, though ſhe look't like a Malkin; Oh Poetry, I find that I am poyſon'd with thee too; for me-thinks I could ſay

my

my prayers in blanck-verſe, nay let me ſee, I thinke I could rime for a neede;

Cupid I yeeld ſince ſo I know thy will is,
And Ile goe ſeeke me out ſome *Amarillis*. *Exit.*

Enter Pſiche *alone.*

Pſiche. There's at this time a combat in my ſoule,
Whether to truſt my well-knowne ſiſters better,
Or my unſeene husband; I have asked,
Demanded, and enquired of all my traine,
This fairy-traine that hourely waites on mee,
Yet none of them will tell mee what hee is;

Enter Cupid.

Beſides, this ſolitude to be alone,
Begins to grow moſt tedious, and my feares
Doe every way diſtract mee.

Cup. Why how now *Pſiche*?

Pſ. Oh let Mercies eyes
Shine on my fault.

Cup. Are theſe thy heaven-bound vowes?
Are all thy proteſtations guilded ayre?
Haſt thou no more regard to my command,
Or thine owne ſafety?

Pſ. Deare love pardon mee.

Cup. Once more I doe; and ſtill muſt pardon thee,
And thou muſt ſtill offend, ſtill torture mee;
Yet once againe Ile try thy conſtancy:
Thy ſiſters are at hand.

Pſ. But gentle Love,
Shall I not ſpeake to them?

Cup. Yes, but I woe thee
To ſend them quickly hence, or they'le undoe thee;
They now are at the Rock, bid the coole winde
To pleaſe thee, bring them to the place aſsign'd. *Exit.*

Enter Zephirus *with the two Siſters.*

Pſ. Ho *Zephirus*,

Tell

Tell me the cauſe of your ſo quick returne ?
Aſti. *Pſiche* we come in danger of our lives,
To ſave our ſiſter from enſuing harme.
Pſi. What harme ? what danger ?
Aſti. Danger eminent,
Once you refuſed our counſell, and deny'd
To let us know your husband, or his name.
Petr. Come let's ſee him.
Pſi. Oh, what ſhall I doe ?
Petr. Eſcape the danger you are falne into.
Pſi. You cannot ſee him.
Aſti. Give us then his ſhape ?
Pſi. His ſhape, why he's a man whoſe ſnowy head
Bowes on his boſome, through the weight of age.
Aſti. That cannot be ; you ſaid he was a youth
Of comely ſtature, with long flaxen haire.
Pſi. I am entrap'd.
Aſti. Speak, did you ever ſee your husband ?
Pſi. Why do you aske ? pray trouble me no more ;
Leave me, and I will fill your laps with gold.
Aſti. Once thy gold tempted us to leave this place,
And to betray thy life to miſery,
It ſhall not now, did not *Apollo* doome
Thy fatall marriage to ſome hiddeous beaſt ;
How juſt is *Phebus* in his augaries ;
Laſt night, when we went hence laden with gold,
We ſpide a ſerpent gliding on the mead,
Who at the ſight of us, writhing his head
Proudly into the ayre, firſt hiſt at heaven,
Becauſe it did not ſhade him from our eyes.
Pſi. How did that ſerpent vaniſh from your ſight ?
Aſti. In at theſe gates he rowld, *Pſiche* be wiſe,
For tho' a while he dally with thy beauty,
Dalling thy taſte with ſweets, thy eyes with ſhews,
Thy eares with muſicke, and ſweet lullabies,
He will in time devour thee.
Pſi. Miſerable wretch,

How

How shall I flye the fate that followes me?
Whose helpe shall I invoke?
Petr. Tell us the truth,
And wee'l devise some means to succour thee.
Ps. You are my sisters, I confesse to you,
I never saw his face, know not his shape,
Yet have I touch'd his eyes, and felt his hands.
Oft have I kist his cheekes, more oft his lips;
Eyes, hands, lips, cheekes, and face so charm'd my touch,
That I have sworne, save his, there were none such;
Yet your strange story makes me to suspect
That he's some serpent, for he tels me still,
To see his glorious shape, will ruine me;
Besides he bids me shun your company,
Else you will breed my sorrow; this is that
Which troubles me.
Asti. Hear thee my counsell; Instantly provide
A keen-edg'd Rayfor, and a burning Lampe;
At night, when sleep sits on his monstrous eyes,
Steale from his speckled side, step to your light,
And without feare behold his horrid shape,
And with the Rayfor cut his skaly throat;
And so by death gaine life, and he being dead,
Psiche shall to some King be married.
Petr. How doth our sister relish this devise?
Ps. I doe embrace your councell, and this night
I'le put the same in execution;
Come, you have made me resolute and bould,
And now receive your laps o're-swell'd with gold. *Exit.*
Asti. Swell in thy pride, untill thou break'st thy heart
Yet come, we'll take her larges ere we part. *Exit.*

Enter Midas and Apuleius.

Mi. Poet no more; I have enough of *Psiche*;
Her sisters and the serpent, all of them
Most villanous lies, I'le prove it; and unlesse
To please my selfe, and keep mine eyes from sleepe,

Thou'lt let me shew thee some of our fine sport,
Such as we use here in *Arcadia*,
I will endure no longer.

Ap. Well, I am pleas'd

Mi. I'le shew thee in a Dance.

Ap. Art some-times must give way to ignorance.

A Dance.

Enter Pan, Clowne, Swaines, and Country-wenches; They dance, and Exit.

Mi. Was not this sport indeed?

Ap. My modesty gives thee no reprehension,
For I am well pleased with your Pastorall mirth;
But as thou had'st a power over mine eyes,
To sit it out with Patience; so lend me
Thy attentive eares

Mi. First cleere thy obsurdities.
Nay, grose ones too; here *Psiche* lyes abominably,
And sayes she has two husbands, the one yong,
the other old: How canst thou answer this?

Ap. Though thy vaine doubts be most familiar
To these Judicious hearers, well experienc'd,
As well in matters Morrall as Divine;
To thee I'le make it plaine.

Mi. I prethee doe.

Ap. Did *Psiche* lye to say she had two loves?
How like art thou to *Psiche*, she to thee.

Mi. To me, I scorne her likenesse.

Ap. In this point thou art,
For rather than thy sisters shall grow angry,
To make earths drossie pleasures stay for thee,
Thou wilt exclaime with *Psiche*, *Cupids* young;
The joyes of heaven are all too young, too little
To be believ'd, or look'd at; if that faile,
Thou with the foule wilt say, my love is old,
Divine delights are crooked like old age,

Who will not vow, ſpeake, nay ſweat any thing,
To have their vaine delights ſerv'd like a king.

Mi. 'Tis pretty, but your Ecchoes pleas'd me beſt;
Oh if a man had ſeen them.

Ap. With a mortall eye none can; in them is hid this miſtery,
Cæleſtiall raptures, that to allure the ſight,
Are ſeen no more then voices being on high,
Subject unto no weake, and fleſhly eye.

Mi. But why did *Cupid* hide himſelfe from *Pſiche*?

Ap. Oh who dares prye into thoſe myſteries,
That heaven would have conceal'd; for this ſhe's charg'd
Not to ſee *Cupids* face, to ſhun her ſiſters.

Mi. Thoſe gadding girles, what didſt thou mean by them?

Ap. The reſtleſſe ſins that travell night and day,
Envying her bliſſe, the ſweet ſcule to betray.

Mi. Well, by this little I conceive the reſt,
I care not greatly if I ſtay it out,
But if not lik't, I'le either ſleep or flout.

Ap. So will not theſe I hope, before they view
What horrid dangers *Cupids* bride purſue. *Exeunt.*

Act. III. Scene I.

Enter Pſiche in night-attyre, with a Lampe and a Rayſor.

Pſi. 'Times eldeſt daughter Night, mother of eaſe,
Thou gentle nurſe, that with ſweet lullabies,
Care-waking hearts to gentle ſlumber charm'ſt?
Thou ſmooth-cheek't negro night, the black-ey'd (Queen,
That rid'ſt about the world on the ſoft backs
Of downy Ravens ſleeke and ſable plumes,
And from thy Charriot, ſilent darkeneſſe flings;
In which man, beaſt, and bird-inveloped,
Takes their repoſe and reſt; *Pſiche* intreats thee,
No Jar nor found betray her bold attempt: *Cup. diſcovered*
Soft ſilken vaile that curtains in my doubt, *ſleeping on a bed.*

Give way to these white hands, these jealous eyes,
Sharpe knife prepar'd for a red sacrifice:
Bright Lampe conduct me to my love or hate,
Make me this night blest or unfortunate:
Wonderous amazement! what do I behold?
A Bow and Quiver, these shafts tip'd with gold,
With silver this, this sluggish arrowes head,
Is like my heavy heart, compos'd of lead,
Such weapons *Citherea's* Son doth beare,
Psiche were happy if this *Cupid* were;
Malitious sisters, I your envy see,
This is no serpent, but a Deity:
What pretty loves, like silken slumbers lie,
Closing the covers of each Christall eye;
Hence thou prepared instrument of death,
Whilst *Psiche* sucks new life from his sweet breath:
Churle beauty, beautious nigard, thus I'le chide,
Why didst thou from mine eyes this glory hide?
Ah me, thou envious light, what hast thou done?
Cup. Immortall powers, oh succour *Venus* Son;
What hellish hagg hath drop't this scalding oyle
On Loves Celæstiall shape?
Ps. 'Twas *Psiches* hand.
Cup. How durst thou violate my dread command?
Venus my mother, bid me make thee doat
On some base groom; and I left her and heaven,
And with mine owne dart wounded my owne breast;
For all these favours, wouldst thou murder me?
Ps. Let my weak sex plead for my great offence,
Cup. No, for thy sake, this plague pursue thy sex;
You shall have appetites, and hot desires,
Which though supply'd, shall nere be satisfied:
You shall be still rebellious, like the Sea,
And like the windes inconstant; things forbid
You most shall covet, loath what you should like;
You shall be wise in wishes, but enjoying,
Shall venture heavens losse for a little toying.

Ho

Ho Zephirus.

Enter Zephirus.

Pſ. What will my dear love do?

Cup. Hence, touch me not, I'le be no more thy love:
Diſcharge my ſervants from this fairy vaile,
Reſigne thy office to the boyſtrous North,
Bid famine ride upon his frozen wings,
Till they be blaſted with his poyſonous breath;
Muſicke, be turn'd to horror, ſmiles to teares,
Pleaſures to ſhreikes, felicity to feares.

Pſ. Why do you plague the place for my offence?

Cu. Why for thy ſiſters ſake fought'ſt thou my hate?
But I will be reveng'd on them and thee,
On them, for thy ſake, on thy ſelfe for me.

Pſ. For pity heare poor *Pſiche*.

Cup. No away?

Pſ. I have no way but yours; which way you fly,
I'le hang upon your wings, or fall and die.

Cup. Soon ſhalt thou leave thy hold; run *Zephirus*.

A ſtorme. Enter Borous,

Fetch *Borous* —— Art thou come my *Aquilon*:
Borous, I charge thee by *Orithias* love,
Lay waſte and barren this faire flowry grove,
And make this Paradiſe a den of ſnakes:
For I will have it uglier then hell,
And none but gaſtly ſcrieth-owles here ſhall dwell;
Breath winters ſtormes upon the bluſhing cheekes
Of beautious *Pſiche*, with thy boyſterous breath,
Rend off her ſilkes, and cloathe her in torne rags;
Hang on her loath'd locks baſe deformity,
And beare her to her father, leave her there,
Barren of comfort, great with child of feare;
Pſiche fare well, whilſt thou with woes art crown'd
I muſt go gather helpes to cure my wound. *Exit.*

Pſ. With woes indeed; thoſe wretches live in woe,
Whom love forſakes, and *Pſiche* muſt do ſo.

Exeunt with a great ſtorme.

Enter Clowne, Amarillis, and Swaines

Clow. Do you hear the newes, you animals?

1 *Swa.* Is it worth the hearing?

Clow. A question well ask'd, for it is musicall newes, and therefore worth your ears: *Apollo* being call'd by *Venus* from heaven, hath ever since kept *Admetus* his sheep, with whom *Pan* meeting, they fell into contention, whether his pipe or *Apollo's* Harpe could yield the better Musicke, and which withall could sing the best; come then my sweet *Amarillis*, and take thy place amongst the rest, for this is the day of the tryall, and amongst others, I heard my father *Midas* say, that all other businesse set a part, he would be at it; but there is one mischief late happened.

1 *Swa.* What's that I prithee?

Clo. Pan hath got a cold, is hoarse, and hath lost his voice, and therefore hath chose me to sing in his place; and *Phœbus*, because he will take no advantage, hath pick'd out one of his Pages to do the like for him; therefore come, make a lane, for by this time they are upon their entrance.

1 *Swa.* But is it possible, that *Pans* Pipe dare contend with *Apollo's* Harpe?

Clo. Yes that it is possible, blinde harper, and that my winde-pipe shall preove; make roome, and get you all out of the lists save I, that am to be one of the combatants.

A Flourish. Enter Apollo, Pan, Admetus, Petrea, Asiothe, their two husbands, and Midas

Pan. Who shall be Judge?

Apo. Admetus.

Ad. Sacred *Apollo*, great Pan pardon me;
It is a cunning much beyond my skill,
Therefore I humbly crave to be excus'd.

Apol. Admetus, for thy hospitality,
Phœbus will be thy friend, and give thee leave
In this to use thy pleasure.

Pan.

Pan. What thinkes *Phœbus*
Of *Midas*, once of men, now King of beasts.

Apol. No better man, so please him undertake it.

Mi. Yes *Phœbus*, *Midas* will, and though poor *Marsias*,
For striving with thee had his skin pull'd off,
Yet have we Swaines, and some too not farre off,
I could have said, some neere to me in blood,
Can tickle you for a tone.

Clo. Meaning me, and I will set out a throat,

Apol. Is this thy Champion?

Pan. Yes, and who's for thee?

Apo. One of my minuts, houres, dayes, weeks, or moneths,
Or yeeres, or seasons, that still waite on us,
And have done ever since the first of time:
Not one can come amisse.

Mi. Who shall begin?

Ad. Most voices.

All. Apollo, Apollo.

Clo No matter though his Champion begin, let me alone to come up with the Catastrophie.

All. Silence, silence.

Song.

Phœbus *unto thee we sing,*
Oh thou great Idalian *King,*
Thou the god of Physick *art,*
Of Poetry, *and* Archery;
We sing unto thee with a heart,
Devoted to thy deity:
All bright glory crowne thy head,
Thou soveraigne of all Piety,
Whose golden beames and rayes are shed
As well upon the poore as rich,
For thou alike regardest each;
Phœbus *unto the we sing,*
Oh thou great Idalian *King.*

Mi.

I marry this was some-wat to th'purpose;
I needs must say 'twas pretty, but god Pan,
Now let us heare your Champion?
Pan. Come, stand forth?

Song.

Clow. *Thou that art call'd the bright* Hiperion,
Wert thou more strong than Spanish Gerion,
That had three heads upon one man,
Compare not with our great god Pan.

They call thee Son of bright Latona,
But girt thee in thy torrid zona,
Sweat, haste and broyle, as best thou can,
Thou art not like our Dripping Pan.

What cares he for the great god Neptune,
With all the breath that he is kept in;
Vulcan *or* Jove, *he scornes to bow to,*
To Hermes, *or the infernall* Pluto.

Then thou that art the heavens bright eye,
Or burne, or scorch, or boyle, or fry,
Be thou a god, or be thou man,
Thou art not like our frying Pan.

They call thee Phœbus, *god of day,*
Yeers moneths, weeks houres, of March and May;
Bring up thy army in the van,
We'll meet thee with our Pudding Pan.

Thy selfe in thy bright Chariot settle,
With Skillet arm'd, Brasse-pot or Kettle
With Iugg, Blacke-pot, with Glasse or Can,
No talking to our Warning Pan.

Then hast thy beames, thy browes to deck,
Then hast thy Daphne *at thy beck;*
Pan *hath his hornes,* Sirinx, *and* Phillis,
And I Pans *Swaine, my* Amarillis.

Ad. You *Midas* have heard both; these only wait
Your just and upright sentence.
Mi. Is *Phœbus* pleased?
Ap. Pleased.
Mi. And is *Pan* content.
Pan. Content.
Clow. Now if my father can but censure as well as I sing, the towne's ours.
Mi. Yes Son, I can, and that most learnedly:

Thy Harpe to Pans *Pipe, yeeld god* Phœbus,
For 'tis not now as in Diebus
Illis, Pan *all the yeere we follow,*
But semel in anno ridet Apollo,
Thy quiresters cannot come neere
The voice of this our Chamisleere,
Then leave off these thy burning rayes,
And give to Pan *the prick and praise,*
Thy colour change, look pale and wan,
In honour of the great god Pan.

All. A sentence, a sentence, a *Pan*, a *Pan*.
Apol. Henceforth be all your rurall musicke such,
Made out of Tinkers, Pans, and Kettle-drums;
And never henceforth may your fields be grac'd
With the sweet musick of *Apolles* lyre:
Midas for thee, may thy eares longer grow,
As shorter still thy judgement, dulnesse, and dotage,
Be only govern'd with those reverend haires;
Let all like thee, that as they grow in time,
Decay in knowledge, have that old mans curse,
To be twice children: for thy squeaking sonne,

May all thy state thou leav'st him at thy death,
Be to sing Ballets through *Arcadia*,
And them to the like tunes; fare-well *Admetus*,
My musicke lies unquestion'd, what's amisse
Is not in us, but in their ignorance;
Thus undisparadg'd, *Phœbus* leaves the place,
And with them to succession, my disgrace. *Exit.*

Ad. *Phœbus* is gone displeas'd.

Pan. Still may he be so.

Mi. Midas I'me sure has judg'd with equity.

A *Storme*. *Enter Psiche and Boreas.*

Clo. But see father, see god *Pan*, if in revenge, he hath not sent a blustering wind to blow us all hence; 'tis *Boreas*, 'tis *Boreas*.

Pan. Come *Midas*, come Swaines, till this storme be past,
Let us away to shelter. *Exeunt.*

Ps. Where art thou *Psiche*, how art thou deform'd?
What ayre affords thee breath? what men be these?
Where shall I hide me; let no humane eye
Behold me thus disfigured, and asham'd:
My Father, Brothers, and my Sisters too,
That wrought my fall, what shall poore *Psiche* do?

Ad. What bare anotomy of griefe is this,
That glads mine eare with sound of *Psiches* name?

Ps. 'Tis her owne tongue, the herald of her shame;
Father *Admetus*, Sisters pitty me.

Ad. Thou art no childe of mine.

Asti. Spurne her away,
'Tis some infectious strumpet, and her breath
Will blast our cheeks; her sight is worse than death.

Ps. I did not use you thus, nor spurne you back,
When on the nimble wings of *Zephirus*,
You were transported into *Cupids* vaile;
Your entertainment then deserv'd more right,
Then like a dog, thus spurne me from your sight;
Sisters.

Petr. Out-hagge, we scorne thy sister-hood.

Ps.

Pſ. You ſcorne me too; nay then at laſt I ſee,
pride will not looke on baſe deformity:
Father *Admetus*, pitty wretched *Pſiche*. *Kneels.*

Ad. Out impudence; if once againe thy tongue
Mangle the reputation of my girle,
I'le have it ſtraight torne out, hence with th'Impoſtor.

Pſ. Us'd like a dogge, and by a fathers doom,
Dragg'd from his preſence, how am I transform'd?
Ile try my brothers next, upon my knees.

Zel. Depart the place, for me, I know thee not.

Pſ Oh me, how quickly wretches are forgot?

Mo. Wretched, away.

Pſ. Away; all cry away,
Baſeneſſe and pride in one place cannot ſtay:
Aſtioche, kind ſiſter, for old loves,
Reſolve my father that I am his child;
Put him in mind of *Phabus* oracle,
And leaving me upon the barren Rock;
Remember how you came unto my bower,
And how my ſervants fill'd your laps with gold;
And laſt, remember how by your adviſe,
I made attempt to ſtrike my husband dead,
As he was ſleeping, do you know me now?
Thence grew my miſery.

Aſti. Yes foole, and my great heart
Joyes in thy fall: and father, now I better
Survey her, my mind gives me this is *Pſiche*.

Petr. I am of her thought too, and yet much wonder,
How ſuch a beauty ſhould be ſo deform'd.

Ad. None ſhall perſwade me to't; ſhe's none of mine
That tells me I have any part in her.

Recorders. Cupid deſcends.

Cup. *Admetus* ſtay, chide thy conceit, it offers
wrong unto thy daughter *Pſiche*.

Pſ. Oh what heavenly tongue
Will once vouchſafe to ſound poor *Pſiches* name,

Torne with disgrace, doubly expos'd to shame.

Cup. Psiche, his tongue, whose charge hadst thou obey'd,
Thy prosperous state had not been so betray'd;
Nor hadst thou bin a subject to that shame
Which now attends thee.

Psi. Cupid, my dear lord,
Pardon my gilt, have pity on my sorrow?

Cup. I cannot, no I dare not, heaven, and earth,
The destinies, and all th'Immortall powers,
Have with the yron pen of Fate, writ downe
Thy certaine paine; did I not give thee charge,
To taste the pleasures of Immortall love,
But not to wade too deep in mystery?
Could not my heavenly company suffice
To cheere the soule? but thou with earthly eyes
Must see my face; and view my reall beauty,
Against my charge, thy love, and humane duty.

Psi. I do intreat.

Cup. Arise, kneel not to me;
But thanke thy sisters, they apparrell'd thee
In that distractfull shape; *Psiche* fare well,
I'le mourne in heaven, to see thy paines in hell.

Cupid ascends.

Ad. Poor miserable childe; in stead of teares,
My heart weeps blood; I am confounded quite:
I have three daughters, thou of all the rest,
Hadst in my true conceptions greatest share,
For which, I call'd thee *Psiche*, that's the soule,
For as my soule I lov'd thee; now I abjure
All interest in thy birth; hence from my Court?
My hand shall nere lay blessing on thy head,
Nor my tongue grace thee with a daughters name,
Thou art not mine, but the base birth of shame.

Psi. Oh whether shall a wretch convert her eyes,
When her owne father shall her teares despise?

Exeunt.

Enter Mercury.

Mer. Atend *Arcadians*,
The Proclamation of the *Paphian* Queen.

Ad. When *Hermes* speakes, we are bound to all attendance.

Mer. Oh yes, If any can bring *Psiche* unto *Venus* ——

Asti. *Psiche*, whom you are sent to seek, stands there.

Mer. Then here ends *Mercuries* Commission:
Psiche, in *Venus* name, I do arrest thee,
For wrongs to her and *Cupid*.

Ps. I obey
Your high arrest, and with an humble suit,
Prostrate my selfe to *Citherias* wrath;
Where's angry *Venus*?

Mer. Frantick in this grove,
Mourning *Adonis* death, —— and here she comes.

Enter Venus.

Ven. Accursed bow, why didst thou not defend him?
He shall not die, *Adonis* still shall live;
Apollo, gentle *Phœbus* mount thy Charriot,
And in his cold brest breathe Cælestiall fire,
For all earths simples cannot cure his wound;
Or if he must expire, command the *Muses*
To give my love Immortall memory:
Hast thou found *Psiche*? oh that in this rage,
I could but now forget her.

Mer. See where she stands,
With down-cast eyes, and weak up-heaved hands.

Ven. Shee of my height, state, and my proportion?
And were her pristine beauty lent her backe,
Might in the rabbles judgement rivall me:
Strumpet, prophaner of our sacred rights,
How hast thou wrong'd me, and abus'd my son?
By aymming at my honour and his life.

Ps. Dread *Paphian* Queen, for lovely *Cupids* sake,
And this rich burthen in my wretched wombe,
Pitty poore *Psiche*.

Ven. Hast thou plaid the strumpet,
And for thy sins sake, must I pardon thee?
No, that alone hath made me mercilesse. *Venus beats her.*
Ps. Helpe me dear father, sisters, *Mercury.*
Ad. I dare not speak for thee.
Asti. Nor I.
Petr. Nor I.
Ps. Poor *Psiche*, borne unto adversity.
Mer. Be not so bitter Madam, for his sake,
By whom you are made a grandam.
Ven. I prove a grandame to a strumpets brat?
Go *Mercury*, and from some Garner fetch
Five measures of five severall sorts of graine;
Dispatch it *Hermes.*
Mer. What will *Venus* do?
Ven. Thou shalt know better when thou backe returnst:
Exit, Mercury.
You are yong *Venus*, and the Queen of Love,
That had th'ambition to be *Cupids* wife,
And marry with a god; Ho *Boreas*,
Since *Mercury* is slack in his returne,
Wind her inticing locks about thy arme,
And tosing her loose carcasse in the ayre,
Fling it into the bosome of some storme,
And grind her bones to powder in the fall.
Ps. Pity me *Venus*, father plead for me.

Enter Mercury with graine.

Ven. 'Tis well done *Hermes*, hast thou brought the grain?
Mer. I have.
Ven. Then minion, here's your taske,
Look on all these; see, thus I mingle them,
Ps. And what must miserable *Psiche* do?
Ven. To severall heaps, with thine owne hands divide
Each severall seed ere the Sun kisse the West,
Or look for death; go, and when that is done,
Ile ride to *Paphos* and enlarge my sonne,

Whose

Whom yet I keep close prisoner in my closet. *Exit.*

Ad. P*siche* adieu, none can reverse thy doom.

Asi. Not I.

Mous. Nor we. *Exit. all but Mer. and* P*s.*

Ps. I wish the earth my tombe.

Mer. Take patience P*siche*, and be comforted.

Ps. Comfort, alas what comfort can she find,
Whose father and dear friends prove so unkind.

Mer. For *Cupids* sake, who for thy love, now weares
A paire of golden shackles on his heeles:
This *Mercury* will do, flie hence to *Paphos*,
And fetch him from his late imprisonment,
Then tell him of his mothers tyranny,
That done, we two will teach thee, without paine,
In severall heaps how to divide this graine. *Exeunt.*

Enter Midas and Apuleius

Mi. And where have I been think'st thou *Apuleius*,
Didst thou not misse me?

Ap. Yes, I did not sleep as thou didst in thy judgment.

Mi. Then I perceive,
Thou know'st how I maintain'd our rurall musicke,
Preferring it before *Apollos* Harpe.

Ap. Yes, and by that infer, thou art all earthly,
Nothing Cælestiall in thee.

Mi. All's one for that; now for your morrall.

Ap. Wilt thou stay it out?

Mi. No, 'tis too dull,
Vnlesse thou'lt quicken me with some conceit,
Thy P*siches* sadnesse hath made me so heavy,
That *Morpheus* steales upon me.

Ap. What wouldst thou see?

Mi. Thy little *Cupid* I like pretty well,
And would see something else what he can do,
More then belongs to P*siche*.

Ap. Well, to keep thee awake,
I'le shew thee now *Loves Contrarieties*,
Which was more then my promise,

A Dance.

Enter a King and a Beggar, a Young-man and an Old woman, a Leane man, a Fat woman. Dance, & Exit.

Mi. I marry, this was somewhat like indeed;
Here's yong and old, here's fat and leane; the begger and the (King;
Love hath power over all.
But to your morrall now; why comes your *Psiche*
With a sharpe Rayser, and a burning Lampe,
To murder *Cupid*; then he wakes and chafes,
And flings the house out at windowes, was't not so?

Ap. I'le tell thee; she charm'd by her sisters tongues,
Thinks her faire love a serpent, and growne mad,
Would murder *Cupid*, teare even *love* from heaven;
Yet note the greatnesse of Cœlestiall mercy;
One glimpse, one lampe, one sparke, one divine thought
Plucks back her arme, and more inflames her breft
With amorous raptures; but because poore soule,
She aym'd to search forbidden mysteries,
Her eyes are blasted, *Cupid* loathes her sight,
He leaves her ugly, and his blessed bower
Is rent in pieces; For heaven seems to fall
When our poor soules turne diabollicall.

Mi. For that 'twixt *Pan* and *Phœbus*, I know best,
For I was there an umpire; but resolve me;
Why left he *Psiche* when she lost his love,
Yet mourn'd when she was left of all her friends.

Ap. All bid the wretched soule run to despaire,
When leprous sin deformes her, but even then,
When the gods hate her? when she's scorn'd of men?
Cupid hangs in the ayre; his divine eyes
Shed teares for her, comforts her miseries.

Mi. Yet he forsook her too.

Ap. Till *Psiche* be made faire, and angel-white,
She's not to stand in *Cupids* glorious sight.

Mi. Well, I am answer'd.

Ap.

Ap. For thy part *Midas*,
Laugh, sleep, or flout, nay snarle, and cavell too;
Which none of these here met I hope will do. *Exeunt.*

Act. IIII. Scæna I.

Enter Vulcan.

Vul. WIthin here, ho *Piraekmon*, when you knave?
Take in *Adonis* quiver, and his bow,
And hang them up in *Venus* armory,
By *Mars* his gantlet, and *Achilles* sword:
Ha, ha, ha, I laugh untill my sides be sore,
For joy that my wives dandiprat is dead;
And now my Ciclops lay't on lustily;
There's halfe a hundred Thunder-bolts bespoak,
Which argues that the world is full of sin;
Neptune hath broke his Mace, and *Junos* Coach
Must be new mended, and the hind-most wheels
Must have two spoaks set in; *Phœbus* fore-horse
Must have two new shooes, calk'd, and one remove;
Pans Sheep-hook must be mended shortly too,
Plie it of all hands, we have much to do.

1. *Ciclop, from within.*

Ci. Master, here's one of *Ceres* husband-men
Would have a Plough-share, and a Sythe new ground.
Vul. New ground, new halter'd, he shall stay his turne;
We shall deceive the gods and goddesses,
For a plow-jogging hinde.
2 *Ci.* Here's *Mercury* to have his Caduces mended.
Vul. He shall stay.
3 *Ci.* Here's *Ganimed*,
To have his masters hunting-nagge new shod;
And *Mars* his lackie, with a broken gorget.
4 *Ci.* And here's a clowne for hob-nailes.]
Vul. Here's the devill and all;

What would they have me do? I toyle and moyle
Worſe than a mill-horſe; ſcarce have kept a minute
This fortnight, and odde dayes; I have not time
To ſit and eat; But I'le give over all,
And live upon my wife as others do;
They ſay ſhe hath good takings; ere I'le endure it,
I will do any thing; when I was made a Smith,
Would I had been a Beare-ward.

4 *Ci.* What ſhall we do firſt?

Vul. Why firſt go hang your ſelves:
I keep a douzen Journey-men at leaſt,
Beſides my *Cicl*ops and my Prentiſes,
Yet 'twill not fadge; I thinke my little boy
Cupid muſt blow the bellowes, and my Wife
Venus muſt leave her trade, and turne ſhe-ſmith,
Yet 'twould ſcarce quit the coſt; ſhe'd ſpend me more
In Nectar and ſweet-balls to ſcowre her cheeks,
Smudg'd and beſmear'd with cole-duſt and with ſmoak,
Then all her worke would come to;
But ſoft, what ſhackled run-away is this?

Enter Cupid in Fetters.

Why how now *Cupid*?

Cup. Crawling ſoftly to you,
You are my dad, and I am come to ſee you.

Vul. How came you out of credit with your Mother?

Cup. Aske me how I crept into credit rather,
For do you ſee ſir; thus the matter ſtands,
I am indebted, and thus enter'd bands
To be forth-comming.

Vul. Y'are a yong whore-maſter; about your wench,
I have heard all; but where's your mother now?

Cup. Binding up *Mirtles* for *Adonis* Tombe,
Whom ſhe hath now turn'd to a Hiacnith?

Vul. And what's become of *Pſiche*, where is ſhe?

Cup. I parted but even now with *Mercury*,
Who told me that my mother had enjoyn'd her

To

To part five meaſures of commixed graine
Into five heaps, which ſeem'd impoſſible;
But he and I ſent forth the toyling Ants,
Who like ſo many earneſt labourers,
Did it with eaſe, for they were numberleſſe:
Then with his cunning, having pick'd the locke
Of *Venus* Cloſet dore, he ſet me free,
And I am come dear father, to intreat,
To file off theſe my bolts.

Vul. Cupid I dare not, *Venus* gave me charge,
Not to take off thy ſhackles.

Cup. Father, ſweet Hony ſugar-candy dad,
Indeed, indeed you ſhall.

Vul. This cologing wagge
Will not be anſwered: come, ſet up your leg;
Venus will ſole me by the eares for this.

Cup. No, no, I warrant you.

Enter Pſiche with a Viall.

Vul. So, now 'tis done, th'art free;——but who comes here?
She's angry ſure, for ſee how big ſhe looks;
What a great breadth ſhe beares; me-thinks a woman
Becomes no ornaments ſhe wears, ſo well
As a great belly; therefore 'tis much pity,
They ſhould want things, to make them look ſo pritty.

Pſ. Vnhappy *Pſiche*, *Venus* moſt obdure,
And never ſatiate with my endleſſe cares,
When by the helps of ſilly labouring Ants,
I had ended the firſt taske, her cruelty
Binds me to worſe diſaſter.

Cup. Once my Love,
Hadſt thou been true to *Cupid*, not the leaſt
Of all theſe evills had aſſaulted thee;
And till my mothers anger be appeas'd,
I dare do nothing; Yet for our firſt loves ſake,
Make me acquainted, with thy ſecond taske,
And as I may be ſure I'le further it.

Psi. Let my lips kisse this earth whereon you tread,
In low submission; for her late injunction,
Transcends all humane possibility:
This Violl I must fill at that spring-head,
From whence *Cocitus* flowes, that fearfull stream,
Which feeds the River *Styx*.

Cup. Be advis'd by me,
Not far from *Tenerus*, whose barren top
Is crown'd with clouds of smoak, there lies a mead,
Ore-growne with Osiers, Bryars, and Sicamors,
In this *Joves* Eagle (on whose duskie wings,
Ganimed flew to heaven) obscures himselfe
From Jealous *Junoes* wrath; enquire him out,
Tell him thy grief, and that thou cam'st from me,
From this hard taske he will deliver thee.

Psi. Thanks glorious deity, upon my knees,
Prest downe with this rich burthen of thy love,
I beg that you will mediate 'twixt my errours,
And your sterne mothers wrath.

Cup. Well get thee gone,
'Tis I will front her indignation. *Exit. Psiche.*

Enter Pan and Venus.

Pan. This way he ran with shackles on his heels,
And said he would to *Vulcan*: oh but see
Where he stands cogging with him.

Ven. Now you run-away,
You disobedient, thou unhappy wagg,
Where be the golden fetters I left you bound in?

Cup. True, for my good behaviour, but you see
My bands are cancell'd, and your son set free.

Ven. I'le whip you for't, with nettles steept in wine.

Cup. So you'll nettle me, and I must smart for't;
But when your owne flames burne, and you desire
With him, or him, to glut your appetite,
Then gentle *Cupid*, then, my pritty sonne,
My love, my dear, my darling, and what not,

Till

Till you have had your will.

Ven. With his flattering tongue,
He ſtill prevents my anger: but for thee,
As crooked is thy manners as thy ſhape;
I thought, great fool, you durſt not harbor him.

Vul. No more I did, ſweet wife. (he hath done,

Cup. Sweet mother Queen, buſſe my black dad, for all that
Was love to you, and kindneſſe to your ſon.

Vul. Speak for me *Pan*, as ere thou hop'ſt to have
Thy broken hook well mended,

Pan. When, canſt tell?
I tell thee, I muſt firſt have beſides that,
A douzen of Branding-irons to marke my flocke,
(The time drawes neer, ſheep-ſhearing is at hand)
Beſides, two of my Satirs falling out
About a Lambe, one of them burſt his horne,
It muſt be tip'd too; thou art well acquainted
With tipping hornes.

Vul. Ha hornes, with hornes, how's that?

Pan. Nay aske your Wife, I cannot ſpeak of hornes,
But ſtill you take the laſt word to your ſelfe,
For *Venus* makes, and *Vulcan* weares,
And *Vulcan* takes, and *Venus* beares.

Vul. Vulcan wear hornes?

Ven. No ſweet-heart, you miſtake,
Pan is the forked god, with hornes was borne,
And ever ſince, his tongue runs of the horne.

Pan. Speak ſhall I have my Sheep-hook, and thoſe Irons?

Vul. Yes *Pan*, you ſhall,
But yet thoſe hornes have ſtrucke deep to my heart.

Pan. Take heed they grow not upward to your head,
And tipping hornes, your browes wear hornes indeed:

Enter Pſiche,

But who comes here? *Vulcan* is this your wench?
T'hadſt beſt look to him *Venus*.

Pſ. Like your obediens ſervant, that layes downe

Her life and labour at her Mistris feet,
So comes poor *Psiche*, held between the armes
Of fear and duty; feare dishartning me,
Would pluck me back, but duty being more strong,
Bids me go forward, bending my weak knee
Before the Shrine of sacred Majesty;
Accept my service, who to gaine your grace,
Would yeeld my selfe to ashie death's imbrace.

Ven. Is this that water of th' Infernall lake?

Psi. This is that water whose infectious torrent
Runs from *Cocitus*, into *Flegiton*,
Infernall *Stix*, and the black *Acheron*,
Dare goddesse.

Ven. Art thou not a fawning counterfeit?
First I imploy'd thee to divide my graine,
A taske impossible for mortall hands,
This second as more hard, and yet 'tis done;
Thou work'st by sorcery; but no damn'd spell
Shall keep me from my wrath, thy soule from hell.

Vul. *Venus*, sweet mouse, nay prithee do not chide,
Forgive, as I forgive thee.

Ven. Polt-foot, peace.

Cup. Sweet mother, let your ire be mollified,
Since for her fault she hath endur'd this paine,
Banish all hate and make her blest againe.

Ven. Againe I charge thee not to speak for her:
Once more I'le try thee further, since thy heart
Is wedded to such hellish sorcery;
Hye to *Proserpina*, the black-brow'd Queen,
I'le send thee on my embassie to hell,
Tell her that sickneſse, with her ashy hand,
Hath swept away the beauty from my cheeks,
And I desire her send me some of hers;
Fetch me a boxe of beauty then from hell,
That's thy last labour, urge not a reply,
Do my command and live, refuse, and die.

Cup. For my sake, my best Mother, pitty her.

Ven.

Ven. For thee I hate her, and for her hate thee.
Pan. Nay gentle *Venus*, be more mercifull,
For her great-bellies sake.
Ven. For that alone,
I'le hate you all, till she be fled and gone.
Ps. Then go I must, and going here returne;
Oh *Cupid* my inconstancy to thee,
Is cause of this my endlesse misery.
Cup. With-draw thee *Psiche*, till the rest be gone,
Anon I'le speak with thee. *Exit. Psiche.*

Enter Mercury.

Mer. Venus, Vulcan, Cupid, and god *Pan*,
I summon you to appeare at *Ceres* plaine,
To entertaine the faire *Proserpina*.
For whom I now am sent; I must to hell
About *Ioues* embassie, *Venus* farewell. *Exit.*
Ven. Hermes farewell, we'll meet at *Ceres* plentious Court:
Come *Cupid*, follow me.
Pan. Vulcan cannot go.
Vul. Yes, but 'tis best to keep behind a shrew.
Pan. Then put her in before, on *Venus* go. *Ex. all but Cup.*
Cup. Psiche approach, but do not come too neer,
That pride thou hast already bought too deer.

Enter Psiche.

Ps. Oh pity *Psiche*, she is sent to hell.
Cup. It is the sound of hell wakes pities eye.
Else I had left thee to more misery;
My loves not done, though thou art quite undone,
Vnlesse I arme thee 'gainst the darts of death,
Which hell aimes at thee.
Ps. Let thy sacred breath—— (me;
Cup. Wound me no more with words, for they but grieve
Now marke what on thy Journey must relieve thee:
First, hye thee to the bancks of *Acheron*,
Thou can'st not misse the way, 'tis broad and worne

With

With trampling of ten Thouſand paſſengers,
There ſhalt thou find hells churliſh Ferry-man,
His name is *Charon*, there's to pay his hire,
Take heed thou looſe it not, for doing ſo,
He'le beat, and leave thee on the ſhore of woe;
Being ferried over, thou ſhalt ſpie hell gates,
Thou need'ſt not knocke, they are open night and day,
Give *Cerberus* a ſop, and paſſe away.

Pſi. And what's that *Cerberus*?

Cup. Porter of hell,
Who muſt at thy returne be brib'd againe;
My great deſire to helpe thee, hinders thee,
I ſhould have told thee when in *Charons* barge,
Thou art waſting ore the dreadfull waves of *Stix*,
An aged man, with a pale countenance,
His name's *Oblivion*, ſwimming in the flood,
Will heave his wither'd armes, and cry helpe, helpe,
Save me from drowning; ſtretch not forth thy hand,
For if thou doſt, thou nere return'ſt to ſhore,
Thou wilt forget my love, ſee me no more.

Pſi. Ile ſtop mine eares againſt *Oblivions* cry.

Cup. Being landed, thou ſhalt ſee old wrinkled haggs,
Spinning black threds, whilſt folly reels them up;
He will let fall his reele, and pray thee reach it,
But ſtoop not; they will likewiſe beckon thee
To ſit downe by them; but to ſpin a thred,
Take heed, doing ſo, from me thou art baniſhed.

Pſi. Ile ſhun their baits.

Cup. Being enter'd *Plutoes* Court,
They all will tice thee with a thouſand traines,
Shun all, and neither ſit nor eat with them,
Only deliver what thou art enioyn'd,
Receive the boxe of beauty, and be gon,
Which ſtill keep ſhut, let not thy daring eye
Behold the wealth that in the boxe doth lie.

Pſi. Dread *Cupid*——

Cup. Now fare-well, hadſt thou but obey'd me,

Thy

Thy face had ſtill bin lovely, and mine eye
Doated on thee with heavenly Jealouſie. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clowne *and* Swaines.

1. *Swa.* And what doſt thou think of *Cupid* now?

Clo. Doe not think I am ſo ſtupid,
But to think well of great god *Cupid*.

2. *Swa.* And what of Poets?

Clo. As Poets, as of Potentates, for ſince I plaid the laſt prize againſt *Phœbus*, in which I may ſay of my ſelfe, *veni, vidi vici*; I have bin ſo troubled with a Poeticall itch, that I can ſcratch you out Rimes, and Ballats, Songs, and Sonnets, Odes, and Madrigalls, till they bleed againe.

1. *Swa.* Then thou art reconcil'd to *Homer*.

Clo. *Homer* was Honourable, *Heſiod* Heroicall, *Virgil* a Viecgerent, *Naſo* Notorious, *Martiall* a Provoſt. *Juvinall* a Joviall lad, and *Perſius* a Paramount; what doe I think of Poetry? of which my ſelfe am a profeſt member.

2. *Swa.* And may be very well ſpar'd, and yet the body never the worſe, but thou may'ſt ſee what becoms of raſing againſt *Cupid*, what a ſweet Miſtris hee hath put upon thee?

Clo. Who, my *Amarillis*.

1. *Swa.* Yes, the wericſt dowdy in all *Arcadia*, even Mopſa compar'd with her, ſhewes like a Madam; firſt ſhe's old——

Clo. It was very well ſaid, to ſay firſt, becauſe ſhe was before us, and for old, is not age reverend? and therefore in mine eyes ſhe's honourable. 1. *Swa.* And wrinkled.

Clo. Is't not the fashion; doe not our Gentiles weare their haire criſped, the Nimphs their gownes pleated, and the Fawns their ſtockings, for the more grace, wrinkled; doth not the earth ſhew well when 'tis plowed, and the land beſt when it lyes in furrowes.

1. *Swa.* Beſides, ſhee hath a horrible long noſe.

Clo. That's to defend her lippe, but thou ſinner to ſence, and renegade to reaſon, do'ſt thou blame length in any thing? do'ſt thou not wiſh thy life long, and know'ſt thou not that Trueth comes out at length; When all our joyes are gone and paſt, doth not Long-look'd for, come at laſt; If any of our Nimphs

be wrong'd, will she not say, 'tis Long of me, 'tis Long of thee, or Long of him; If they buy any comodity by the yard, do they not wish it long; your advocate wishes to have a law suit hang Long; And the poore client, be his cloak never so short, and thred-bare, yet would be glad to weare it longer. No married man, but doth his wife much wrong. Tho' he himselfe be short, to have nothing long.

2 *Swa.* The short and the long on't is, she's an ugly creature, make of her what thou can'st,

Clo. Make of her what I can: oh that all, or any of you could like me, looke upon her with the eyes of Poetry, I would then let you know what I have made of her.

1 *Swa* Prithee let's hear't.

Clow. Then listen hither, oh you Imps of ignorance;

Oh tell me, have you ever seen,
Since you were borne unto this day
Which is long since a wit so green,
And cover'd with a head so gray.

To praise her still my Muses will is,
Although therein I have no cunning,
Yet is the nose of Amarillis
Like to a cock, long, and still running.

Her eyes though dimme, do seem cleer,
And they of Rheume can well dispose,
The one doth blinke, the other bleer,
In Pearl-drops striving with her Nose.

Her brests are like two beds of blisse,
Or rather like two leane-Cowes udders:
Which shewes that she no change-ling is,
Because they say, such were her mothers.

These few teeth left her in her head
Now stand like hedge-stakes in her gummes,

Full

Full of white Dandriff is her head,
She puts the Cobler downe for thumi.

Her sides be long, her belly lanke,
And of her legges what should I say,
But that she feels well in the flanke,
And both her feet, themselves display.

1 *Swa.* All the *Homers* in *Asia* could never have come so neer the businesse.

Clo. From head to foot, for her stature and yeers, patterne her in all *Arcadia*; say she be a foule beast in your eyes, yet she is my *Hyren*; and shewing foule to others, and faire to me, I shall live the happier, and she the honester, but I have a remedy against all this, in spight of *Cupid*.

2 *Swa.* What's that?

Clo. I heare *Psiche* his Mistris, is sent to hell for a boxe of beauty, 'tis but way-laying of her, and taking it from her, then *Amarillis* shall compare with any other she that dare.

Exeunt.

Enter Midas and Apuleius.

Mi. This last I lik't, and had it all been such,
Only a meer discourse 'twixt Swaines and Clownes,
It then had pleas'd me; now some quaint device,
Some kick-shaw or other to keep me waking.

Ap. Then by the leave of these spectators here,
I'le suite me to thy low capacity;
Of *Vulcans* Ciclops Ile so much intreat,
That thou shalt see them on their Anvile beat;
'Tis musicke fitting thee, for who but knowes,
The vulgar are best pleas'd with noyse and showes?

A Dance of Vulcan and his Ciclops.

Mi. Well, this I like:
Now let me know the creame of this conceit;
Why graine? why measures? why the number five?
Your morrall sir for that.

Ap. The number five, our *Senses* doth include,

Those severall graines, our severall sorts of sinnes,
Which like those seeds, to count, are infinite;
And so commixt, that to distinguish them,
It much transcends humane capacitie.

Mid. And then those Ants, what didst thou meane by them?

Ap. By those are meant our recolections,
And Laborinths, still busied in the search
Of what hath past, and were it possible,
By drawing them into their former heapes,
To pay to each, indebted penitence;
But all in vaine, for this can never bee
Without true Love, guided by *Mercury*:
But for my Seeane, how do'st thou relish that?

Mid. As ribble, rabble, and I know not what;
A Violl must be fill'd with stigian dropps,
And that an Eagle must for *Psiche* fetch;
And all this, to what purpose?

Ap. What to thee,
And such like drones, seemes to bee most absur'd,
Is to the wise, perspicuous and most plaine?
When *Psiche* hath transgressed, and her offence
(Almost past pardon) merits *Cupids* wrath,
Then woes like waves, follow eachothers neck,
Then must shee fetch a glasse of stigian water,
A Violl fill'd with true repeprant teares,
And that since cannot fill, nor fetch from thence,
But by the Eagles help, Heavens providence.

Mid. But for her voyage into Hell; can'st make mee
Believe, that once there, shee can come from thence?

Ap. Can'st thou be silent, and but apprehend
Thou now behold'st her in *Charons* boate?
Oblivion reaching up his wretched hands,
To crave her helpe, and then by folly woed,
Next by the Idle sisters; these things past,
Entring Hell gates, whither thy imagination
May bring her, Howsoever Gentlemen,
I hope you will that better understand;

Wee'le but affright her with Hells Court, and then,
On your wing'd thoughts bring her to earth agen. *Exeunt.*

Act. V. Scene. I.

Enter Pluto, Proſerpine, Minos, Eacus, Rhadamant Charon, Cerberus and Mercury.

Plu. FAire *Maias* Sonne, declare your embaſſie?
Mer. Wheate-crowned *Ceres*, harveſt Soveraine,
And Mother to the faire *Proſerpine*,
Sends greeting to her Sonne, hells awfull King,
Letting him know, this day *Latonas* Sonne
Enters the firſt houſe of his Zodiake,
And with his guilt beames welcomes in the Spring;
This day the Virgins of *Sicilia*,
Old wives, young Children, Souldiers, Citizens,
Princes and Prelates, on *Ciſſephus* bankes,
Are gathered in well-order'd multitudes,
Dancing in *Choruſſes*, ſinging mirth-full layes,
Such as *Dimbe Meganiraes* maid,
Sung, when ſhe mourn'd her Daughters raviſhment:
This day hath *Ceres* call'd a Seſſions,
Where *Proſerpine* muſt bee: but ere ſhee leave
The black Imperiall Throne of this low world,
Pſiche the Daughter to th' *Arcadian* King,
Muſt doe a meſſage to her deitie.
Pro. Wee know the Intent of that great influence,
With all the purpoſe of the *Paphian* Queene,
Shee meanes proud *Eſiche* never ſhall returne,
And wee will keep her; *Charon* fetch her ore.
Cha. Shee's come already.
Mino. Then conduct her in.
Cha. Hell's full enough of ſhrewes; if ſhee be faire,
I know ſhee's curſt, pray let her tarry there,
A curſt queanes tongue, the very fiends ſtill feare.

Plu. Fetch her I say, *Venus* shall be reveng'd.
Eac. Go *Charon*, wait upon him *Cerberus*.
Mino. If she performe the customes of our Court,
Being sent on message from supernall powers,
We can then with no justice keep her here.
Rha. True *Minos*, 'tis the law of hell and Fate;
Yet *Cerberus* and *Charon*, get you gone,
Tell *Psiche* that hells king, and *Proserpine*,
With *Minos* bench'd, *Eachus* and *Radamant*,
Vpon their black tribunalls, sends for her;
You *Furies* with your envious eyes attend,
Lest *Psiche* 'gainst our customes shall offend.
Cha. Come *Cerberus*, come haggs, fetch *Psiche* in.
Cer. Yes, and for all her staynes and leprosie,
Me-thinks I now could eat her. *Exit.*
Mer. *Psiche* is well instructed *Rhadamant*,
Her husband *Cupid* gave her certaine rules,
For her uncertaine journey.

Enter Charon, Cerberus, and Psiche.

All. Here she comes.
Cer. My sopp, hast thou thy naulum Ferry-man?
Cha. I have.
Plu. *Psiche* stand forth, nay poor soul, tremble not.
Minos. How came this woman over *Acheron*?
Reach'd she not hand to helpe *Oblivion*?
Cha. No, yet the wretch made a pitious cry,
Yet she look'd on him with a scornefull eye.
Eac. How did she passe the haggs, that spunne the threds
Of Idle-folly, in the path of hell?
Cha. They all desir'd her helpe, but she deny'd
To set a finger unto follies thred.
Plu. She hath done well, why kneel'st thou on the ground?
Ps. I kneel to *Proserpine*, for I am sent
By sacred *Venus* for a boxe of beauty.
Pros. Faire *Psiche*, you shall have what you desire,
Rise up, sit downe by us, 'tis much unfit,

The

The wife of *Cupid* on the ground ſhould ſit.

Pſi. Pſiche is *Cupids* out-caſt, and his ſcorne;
And therefore ſits thus low, and thus forlorne.

Plu. Oh thou belov'd of *Love*, be not ſo ſad;
Furniſh a Banquet, let our couſen taſte
The delicates that grow in theſe darke groves.

Proſ. Art thou not faint? *A Banquet ſet forth.*

Pſi. Yes, wonderous faint and weary,
Faint through the want of food, weary with toyle
Of my un-number'd ſteps, faint through the terror
That on each ſide affrights me, faint and weary
With bearing this poor burthen in my wombe;
Cupid, thy words are true, thou didſt fore-tell,
My pride on earth, ſhould worke my plagues in hell.

Plu. Refreſh thy ſelfe then, taſte our delicates.

Pſi. I dare not touch them.

Rha. Thou haſt a ſop, eat that.

Pſi. It is not mine,
It is your Porters fee.

Cer. Give it me then.

Pſi. Anon I will, at my returne from hence;
In the mean time, ſacred *Proſerpina*,
By all the teares your grieved mother ſhed,
When you were ſtole from *Piſmaes* flowry banke,
Let *Pſiche* be diſpatched to *Cipria*,
Leſt the incenſed goddeſſe do ſome wrong
To her poor ſervant, if ſhe ſtay too long.

Plu. Will ſhe not ſit? ſcornes ſhe to take our food?
Give her ſome wine.

Cha. Here girle, drinke to hells King.

Pſi. Give me cold water from the murmuring ſpring?

Plu. I am ſoul-vext, that any mortall eye
Should ſee our Cuſtomes, and returne alive,
To blab them to the wide care of the world:
But *Proſerpine*, having perform'd all rights,
We muſt not here detaine her; ſend her hence.

Proſ. My envy equalls yours, but all in vaine:

Pſiche

Pſiche receive this boxe from *Proſerpine*,
Wherein Cæleſtiall beauty is incloſ'd.
But on thy life, dare not to look into't,
As thou reſpect'ſt thy ſafety.

Pſi. I receive it,
And humbly begging to dread *Plutoes* Queen,
Intreat to be diſmiſs'd this fearfull Court.

Plu. *Charon*, convey her back.

Cha. My Ferry-money.

Cer. My ſopp.

Pſi. Both's here. *Exit. Cha. and Cer. with Pſiche.*

Plu. *Pſiche* is worthy to be *Cupids* wife,
And *Proſerpine*, remember her to *Venus*,
Make interceſſion that the Queen of Love
No longer proveth ungentle ſtep-mother.

Mer. *Pluto*, when *Pſiche* hath perform'd her taske,
My ſiſter will no doubt be reconcil'd;
Cupid preſented a petition
To *Jove*, and all the Senate of the gods,
To take from her, her baſe deformity,
The gods agreed, and *Venus* too was pleas'd
At her returne from hell it ſhould be done.

Plut. Here *Hermes*, take my Queen *Proſerpina*,
Returne her when the ſiſter of the Sun
Hath fixe times compaſſed her ſilver ſpheare;
Commend me to my mother, great *Joves* wife,
My ſiſter *Pallas*, and to all the gods,
So fare-well *Plutoes* joy, all hell ſhall mourne
With hidde'ous cries till my faire love returne. *Exeunt.*

Hidderus Muſicke.

Enter Cupid.

Cup. Many a long look have my watchfull eyes,
Sent out to meet with *Pſiche*, here ſhe comes, *Enter Pſiche.*
And in her hand the boxe, *Cupid* ſtand cloſe,
And over-heare the ſumme of her diſcourſe.

Enter Clowne.

Clo. This is ſhe, I know her by her marter'd face; *Venus* did

well

well to send her for beauty, for poore soul she hath need on't: I have dogg'd her, to see if I could find her at any advantage, to steal away her boxe; I have already got love from *Cupid*; I have got Poetry from *Apollo*, and if I could now get beauty from *Psiche*, *Phaon* the fair Ferry-man, was never so famous in *Sicilia*, as I *Coridon* shall be in *Arcadia*.

Ps. You trayterous thoughts, no more assault me thus,
My lovely *Cupid* charg'd me not to see
What *Proserpine* sent *Venus* in this boxe,
The like command did hells Queen lay on me,
Oh heaven, yet I shall die except I do't.

Cup. I *Psiche*, what still in your longing vaine?

Clo. That's it, nay I shall know't, if I see't againe,

Ps. It's beauty *Psiche*, and Cælestiall,
And thou art ugly, this will make thee shine,
And change this earthly forme to shape divine;
Open it boldly, but I shall offend,
Why say I do, 'tis but the breach of duty,
And who'll not venture to get heavenly beauty,
Rich beauty, ever fresh, never decaying,
Which lies entombed in this heavenly shrine;
Nor in this bold attempt thinke me prophane,
Striving thus spotted, to be free from staine.

She opens the boxe and falls asleep.

Clo. Nay I thought I should take you napping,
And thou shalt go with me; for 'tis my duty,
My Mistris being a blowse, to find her beauty,

Cupid charmes him asleep

Cup. To make thee lovely in thy Mistris eyes,
Make use of that, and boast of thy rich prize.

Cupid layes a counterfeit Boxe by him.

But foolish girle; alas why blame I thee,
When all thy Sex is guilty of like pride,
And ever was? but where's this beauty now?
Turn'd into slumbers, and like watery pearles
Of honey-tasting dew hangs on these lids:
She wakes againe; I have swept off the slumber

That hung so heavy on these spotted covers,
Which once clos'd in, the light of all true lovers.

Ps. Where am I now? dread *Cupid* pardon me.

Cup. Come rise, and wipe away these fruitlesse teares;
Take up the boxe, and hie thee to my Mother?

Ps. She'll kill me for the beauty I have lost.

Cup. Tush foole, I gather'd it from thy clos'd eyes,
Where in the shape of slumber it did rest;
Be comforted, *Cupids* white hand shall cleere
This black deformity, and thou shalt ride
In *Venus* Charriot, and be deified;
I thought to chide too bad, but 'twill not be,
True Love can but a while look bitterly:
Awake thou too, the treasure there inclos'd,
Rifle at will, but see it well dispos'd. *Exit.*

Clow. Where am I, nay where is shee? I no sooner cast mine eye upon the boxe, to say here 'tis, but I was asleep before a man could say, what's this; what's this said I: reioyce all mortalls that weare smocks, for I have found rich beauties boxe: I was before but a man made, but I am now a very made man; and when 'tis known I am possess'd of this rich treasure, both Yong and Old, Short and Tall, Tagg and Ragg, Witch and Hagg, Crone and Bedlam, who though they come abroad but seldome will crawle upon crutches to find out me; But come as many as will, and as fast as can, by their favours, my *Amarillis* shall be first serv'd: and yet not first neither, am I in possession my selfe, and shall not I be the white boy of *Arcadia*: *Adonis* is dead, and shall not I be *Venus* sweet-heart.

Come boxe of beauty, and for white and red, *The boxe is*
Put down *Ioves* Page, the smooth-fac'd *Ganimed*; *full of ugly*
Dawb on, dawbe on, as thick as thou canst lay on, *Painting.*
Till thou exceed the Ferry-man call'd *Phaon*;
Cupid compar'd with me, shall be a toy,
And look but like the signe of the black boy;
My face shall shine just as my hand disposes,
In one cheek I'le plant Lillies, in t'other Roses,

Till

Till all that this my viſage gaze upon.
Say, there, there goes the fair-fac'd *Coridon*.

Enter Swaines.

1 *Swa.* Where is *Coridon*, *Hymen* ſtayes, and *Amarillis* attends, the Bride is ready, but no Bride-groom to be found?

Clo. I do not thinke the Clowns will know me when they ſee me, *Colin*, *Dickon*, *Hobinall*, and how is't, how is't?

2 *Swa.* Ha ha ha, very ſcurvily me-thinks, is this *Coridon*?

Clo. Nay, if my face in Swaines breed ſuch delight,
What will the Nimphs do when they come in ſight.

3 *Sw.* Oh monſtrous *Coridon!* how cam'ſt thou thus chang'd?

Clo. Chang'd, I hope ſo; I have not travell'd thus farre for nothing: ſpeak you mortalls, doth not my brow relent? ſhines not my noſe? ſprings not here a Lilly, there a Roſe.

2 *Swa.* A Roſe, a Lilly? a Blew-bottle, and a canker-flower, what is that upon thy face?

Clow. Beauty boyes, beauty.

2 *Swa.* Beauty doſt call it, I prethee from whence came it?

Clo. Marry from hell.

2 *Swa.* From hell, I beleeve it, for it hath made thee look like a devill already.

Clo. Go ſhear your ſheep, make money of your wooll,
Sell all your Lambes, and make your purſes full,
And then, if on the price we can agree,
I'le fit you all and make you look like me:

2 *Swa.* Like thee, Ide rather ſee thee hang'd; doſt thou thinke we mean to wear Vizors?

Clo. This 'tis to be meer mortalls, and have no addition of learning or travell; their dull eyes cannot judge of Cæleſtiall beauty: but where's my *Amarillis*, and the god of marriage *Hymen*?

1 *Swa.* They both ſtay for thee in *Venus* Temple; but I hope thou wilt not be married to her in this pickle?

Clo. Will I not, yes, and dazell all their eyes that ſhall look on me, eſpecially my *Amarillis*, and ſhe muſt needs have ſome part of my thfet, all is not gone, ſomthing for her is left:

Lead on, lead on, this day you shall be my men,
And thus in pompe will we go meet with *Hymen*:
And *Dicken* if anon thou wilt be sinfull
To drinke with me, I will give thee thy skinfull:
If there be any here, I speak it out of duty,
Desire any Complection from my boxe of beauty,
This night I am busie, let him come to morrow,
They shall have store, if they will buy or borrow. *Exeunt.*

Enter Phœbus, Pan, Vulcan, Venus, Admetus Astioche, Petrea, Menetius, and Zelotes.

Ven. By this I know, that Minks is come from hell,
And here she harbours; but *Arcadian* King,
Deliver her, or by our dreadfull frowne,
I'le spoyle thy Courts, and cast thy Temples downe;
Conceal her longer, not the god intreats
Shall guard her from the death, my rage intends.

Ad. Dread Queen of *Paphos*, she remaines not here,
Nor thinke that I abet her, though my child,
Against your wrath, or power; Nay, did she sojourne
In any place where I have free command,
Ide cause her to be fetch't thence instantly,
Aand as your slave and vassall tender her.

Ven. If she be safe return'd from *Proserpine*,
She must be pardon'd, and become divine;
But to conceale her being, and keep backe
The present sent, keeps but her future wrack.

Apol. If ever in faire *Venus* I had power,
Or grac'd her summer pastimes with my beames,
At length with a commisserating eye,
Look on distressed *Psiche*.

Vul. Do good wife,
Vse her with all the favour thou can'st thinke,
Conive at her, as I at thy faults winke.

Pan. And *Pan* protests by *Cannaes* nut-browne haire,
The fairest Nimph, since *Sirinx* I ere saw,

Be friends with her, my *Satyres* all shall play,
And I with them make this a holy-day.

Enter Mercury and Proserpine.

Mer. To all these gods, to *Venus* and this traine,
Health from the Son of *Saturne*, and Queen *Ceres*.

Ven. Welcome, what would the messenger of *Jove*
To us, or these?

Mer. *Pan*, *Vulcan*, and your selfe,
With *Phœbus*, and the great *Arcadian* King,
Must be this day at *Ceres* sowing-fast,
Vnto which Annuall meeting, see faire *Proserpine*
Is come from *Plutoes* Court.

Ven. Welcome faire Queen.

Apol. Welcome faire sister from the vaults below,
We two are Twins, of faire *Latona* borne,
And were together nurst in *Delos* Ile;
You guide the night, as I direct the day,
Darknesse and light betwixt us we divide,
Nor square, but in our mutuall Orbes agree,
Vnlesse you move just 'twixt the earth and me,
For then you eclipse my lustre.

Vul. Cousen Queen,
I am even moon-sicke, and halfe merry mad,
For joy of thy arivall.

Pan. By our Crests
We should be cousens, for we both are horn'd,
And *Vulcan* of our kin too: but sweet goddesse,
Now I bethinke me of th' *Arcadian* Nimphes,
I am bound to thee for many a pretty sight,
And much good sport I have had by thy moon-light.

Pros. To give you meeting, I am come from hell.

Ven. Saw you not *Phœbe* there?

Pros. Loves Queen I did,
Hither she comes with *Cupid* hand in hand,
Her leprousie, through labour, is made cleare,
And beauteous in your eye, she'll now appeare,

Enter Cupid and Psiche

Cup. Cælestiall Sea-borne Queen, I here present you
My *Psiche*, who hath satisfi'd your will:
Deliver her, faire Love, from *Proserpine*,
The boxe of beauty, endlesse, and devine.

Psi. Guided by *Love*, Lord of my life and hope,
I come undaunted to your gracious sight,
Hoping my sufferance hath out-worne his wrath?

Ven. She hath scap'd hell, and now the taske is done,
And I still crost by a disobedient Son:
But tell me how this Leoper came thus faire?

Cup. At my entreat it was,
'Mongst all the gods I claym'd her for my Wife,
Who taking a joynt pity of her wrongs:
Gave their consent, and then great *Iove* himselfe
Call'd for a cup of Immortality,
Dranke part to her, and *Psiche* quaff't the rest,
At which, deformity forsook her quite,
And she made faire, and then proclaim'd my bride,
Iove vowing, she should now be deifi'ed.

Ven. I see I cannot conquer Destiny,
By Fate she first was thine, I give her thee.

Mer. Now *Psiche*, you must see your sisters judg'd,
Vnstaid *Petrea*, and unkind *Astioche*,
Admetus, you must be their sentencer.

Asti. Husband, your knees.

Petr. My dear lord plead for us.

Asti. Will neither; yet Father.

Ad. Wretches peace.
Psiche by you was torne from her delight,
And rudely rent from *Cupids* Paradice;
'T was you that robb'd her of a fathers love;
By your alurements she was sent to hell,
And had not divine aid secur'd her thence,
Poor soule for ever sh'had bin there detain'd,
For which, to endlesse durance I adjure you;

For

For merits silver gates are alwayes barr'd
To hearts impenitent and wilfull hard.
Psi. Have pity on them Father, gentle husband,
Remember not their fraw'd in tempting me:
You gods and goddesses with *Psiche* joyne,
To beg their pardons, all you *Arcadians* kneele;
For had they not my happinesse envy'd,
My Love and patience had not so bin try'd.
All. We all will mediate for them.
Ad. Then Daughters, give your sister *Psiche* thanks,
And to her vertues be a servant still,
Which makes atonement for your ill.
Both. We'll henceforth be her hand-maids.
Ven. They shall attend her unto plenties bower,
Where *Ceres*, Queen of Fertility,
Invites us with the other gods to feast.
Mer. There *Iove* and *Phœbus* shall lead *Cupids* Queen,
To the bright pallace of Eternity;
Bacchus shall give us Wine, and *Ganimed*
Shall crowne our full cups with the grapes pure blood;
Ceres shall yeeld us all earths delicates,
The *Graces* shall bring Balme, the *Muses* sing
In *Cupids* honour, Loves Immortall King.
Vul. Vulcan will dance, and sing, and skip, and quaffe,
And with his smoaky jests make *Cupid* laugh.
Cup. Such as love me, make me their president,
See, thus I take faire *Psiche* by the hand,
Mercury do you the like to *Proserpine*,
My Mother *Venus* cannot want a mate;
In honour of our marriage, match your selves,
And with a measure grace our nuptialls,
But such as do not love to be in motion,
View as spectators, how our joy appeares,
Dancing to the sweet musick of the spheares.

A Dance of Cupid, Psiche, the gods and goddesses.

Apol. Now circle *Psiche* in a fayry ring,

Whilst

Whilst I and *Venus* grace her with this Crowne;
This done, to feast with *Ceres*, and the gods,
And next unto the pallace of the Sun,
To end those sacred rites we have begun.

Enter Midas and Apuleius.

Mi. Is this your morrall? This your Poetry?
What hast thou done, what spoke, what presented,
Which I with all these cannot justly taxe?

Ap. Yes, all like thee th'obtuse and stupid minder,
But there's an understanding that hath depth
Beyond thy shallow non-sence; there's a wit,
A braine which thou want'st, I to that submit.

Mi. And even in that thou fool'st thy selfe.

Cup. Nay then,
I by the favour of these Gentlemen,
Will arbitrate this strife; one seeks to advance
His Art, the other stands for ignorance;
Both hope, and both shall have their merits full,
Here's meed for either, both the apt, and dull,
Pleas'd or displeas'd, this censure I allow;
Keep thou the Asses eares, the Lawrell thou:
If you, judicious, this my doom commend,
Psiche by you shall doubly Crown'd ascend;
And then this Legacy I leave behind,
Where ere you love, prove of one faith, one mind.
The Spring comes on, and *Cupid* doth devine,
Each shall enjoy his best lov'd Valentine,
Which when you have, may you like us agree,
And at your best retirements thinke on me.

FINIS.